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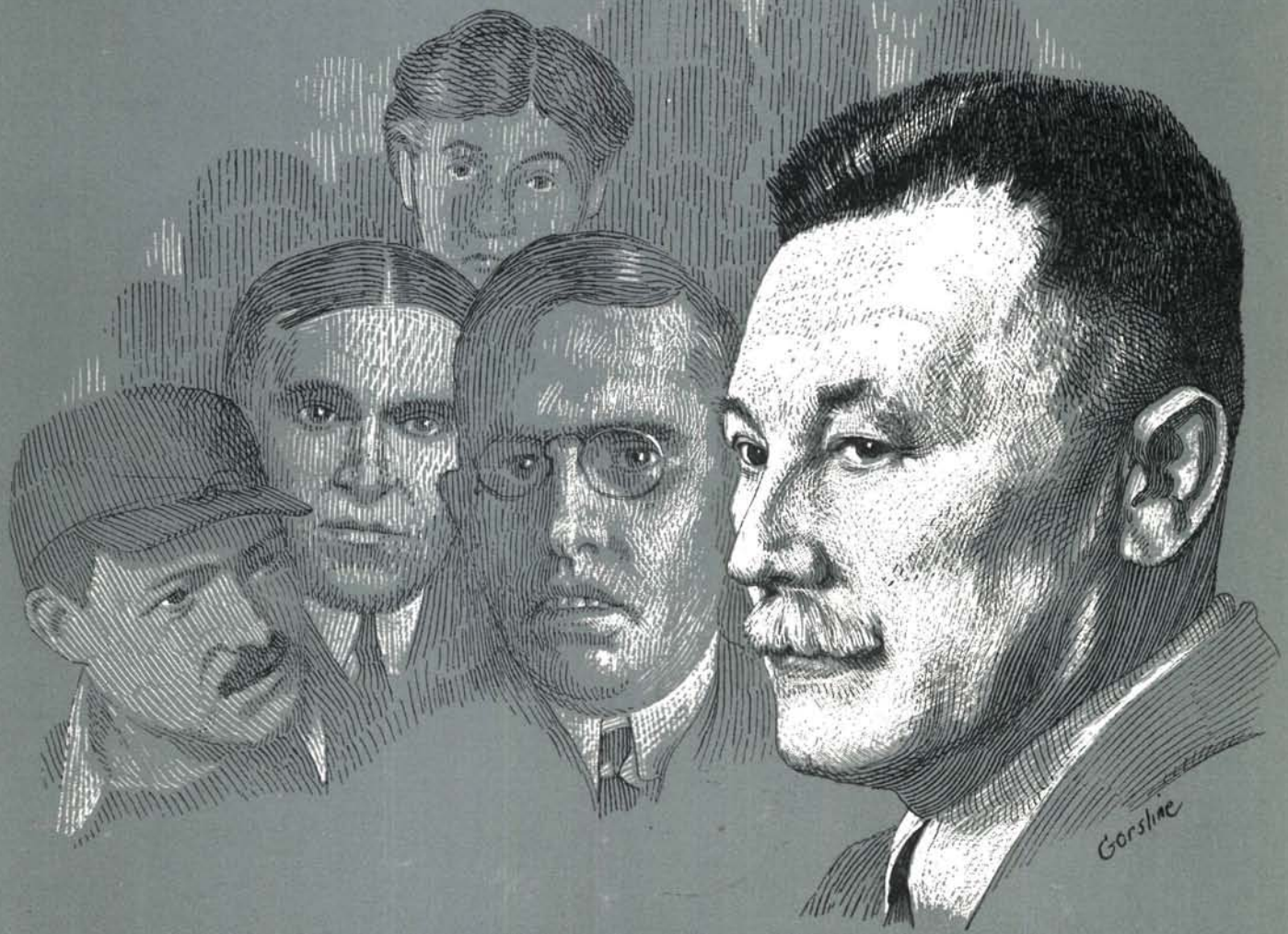

Van Wyck Brooks, author of "The Confident Years, 1885-1915." *(See page 11)*

Do Women Make Good Poets?

By RUMER GODDEN

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An Outline of Special Projects and Features

Jan. 19th	ROUNDUP OF BOOKS ON BUSINESS & ECONOMICS
Feb. 9th	REFERENCE BOOKS
Feb. 16th	NEW FICTION WRITERS
Mar. 1st	RELIGIOUS BOOKS FOR LENTEN READING
Mar. 8th	ROUNDUP OF COOK BOOKS
Mar. 15th	QUARTERLY POETRY ROUNDUP
Apr. 5th	ROUNDUP ON WRITERS' SUMMER CONFERENCES
Apr. 12th	SPRING BOOK NUMBER
May 10th	SPRING CHILDREN'S BOOK FEATURE
June 14th	SRL's ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE (to be distributed at the annual meeting of the A.A.U.P.)
June 21st	SRL's ANNUAL SUMMER PREVIEW
June 28th	QUARTERLY POETRY ROUNDUP
Sept. 6th	QUARTERLY POETRY ROUNDUP
Sept. 13th	ACCENT ON EDUCATION
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Nov. 15th	CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK SUPPLEMENT
Dec. 6th	ANNUAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Dec. 13th	FOLLOW-UP CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Dec. 20th	QUARTERLY POETRY ROUNDUP

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	(b) Music to My Ears (Irving Kolodin) Reviews of Current Performances	every week
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"I resolve..."

Today, with the New Year only a few hours old, there is still time for you to make your list of resolutions for 1952. The easiest way to keep resolutions is to use good judgment in selecting those you really want to keep. Obviously, therefore, the best — and most practical — resolution you can make is to read Oxford books in 1952.

The following checklist is designed for a variety of appetites. Whether you incline toward literature, politics, the arts or "the best reference books in the language," you will find Oxford books to satisfy your taste. Some are new; others may have been on your mind as "musts" for a long time—all are books to read and treasure for years to come. Put them first on your 1952 list of good reading and good resolutions.

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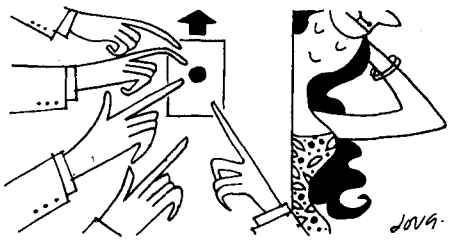
TRADE Winds

THE ELYSIAN FIELD'S

MARSHALL FIELD'S will be celebrating its one hundredth anniversary throughout the year 1952, and in the same measure that Field's is a most extraordinary institution this will be a most extraordinary centennial.

The opening gun will be fired on January 10, when a monster cocktail party and buffet supper will be tossed in honor of former employees who have gone out into the world and made good in the Field's manner. Invited are luminaries like Vincent Minelli, who once did window displays; Henry Sell, who arranged special promotions; Felix Adler, the famous clown, who sold rugs; Burt Lancaster, who was a floorwalker; Arlene Dahl, who modeled lingerie; Burt Tilstrom, who started Field's marionette theatre; and Dorothy Lamour, who ran an elevator. In fact, says Miss Lamour,



she's always ready to go back in a pinch. "I learned all about pinching while I was running that elevator," she adds. "Field's is famous as a family store—but a lot of the men who rode my car had forgotten to bring the family with them."

Field's is also hoping to round up some of its oldest living customers for this kick-off party. Some will come under their own steam. Others, like Fred Babcock and Emmett Dedmon, may have to be wheeled in. On the greeting line will be Chicago's Mayor Kennelly, also an alumnus of the store. He sold neckties, and rolled up some daily grosses his successors are still shooting at.

It is impossible to exaggerate the hold that Marshall Field's has on the entire Middle West. Chicagoans themselves steer tourists there ahead of the Art Museum and the stockyards. The Centennial looms so high as a civic event that two books have been written in its honor. The first, "Through Charley's Door," is by Emily Kimbrough, one of her typically witty and disarming efforts that chronicles her own adventures as a somewhat different Field's employee. (The "Charley" in the title is the impressive major domo who guarded the Washington and State Street entrance for fifty years.) The other book, by Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan, is named after Field's time-honored slogan, "Give the Lady What She Wants."

Field's not only faithfully lives up to this slogan, but displays its wares so seductively that "the lady" wants everything. Visitors to the store find themselves spending money as freely as a government loan agency. It's fun to shop there. I know. Often I've cheerfully shipped home from Chicago items I could have picked up just as easily two blocks from my house on Lexington Avenue. To Field's a dissatisfied customer is a catastrophe. There haven't been many.

Though this be the hundredth anniversary of Marshall Field's as a whole, the book department, one of the greatest in the world today, is only thirty-nine. It dates back to 1913, when a dynamic and despotic lady named Marcella Burns Hahner moved over from McClurg's and detonated a series of explosions that bounced the entire book industry off its feet. True, in 1908 Field's departed sufficiently from its dedication to "dry goods" to set up a small book section devoted to bound "sets" of classics, and somberly bound, old-fashioned dictionaries and Bibles.

Mrs. Hahner cleaned out the old stock instanter, engineered a move to new quarters on the third floor, and instituted a regime compounded of intimidation, cajolery, and sheer skill that carried all before it. Mighty publishers in Manhattan trembled when Marcella stamped her little foot (and tore up orders). What she lacked in literary taste she made up for in sheer gall. Furthermore, she was backed up by a remarkable staff—notably Rose Oller, John Scheele, and Harriot Smith—and an unholy pull with the top brass upstairs that occasioned raised eyebrows in many a crisis.

Marcella began throwing her weight around the moment she was installed in her job. The workmen weren't effecting repairs for the new location as fast as she desired. "Stop playing with that string," she commanded one (he was an electrician, but she didn't know it), and yanked a wire out of his hands. The resultant shock knocked her cold for fifteen minutes. Revived, she raised such heck the whole squad of workmen walked out on the job. Ollie coaxed them back. Ollie was always around in a pinch. Marcella started her off at the princely wage of $8 a week, promising, "If you stick to me, you'll be getting twenty-five before you retire." Apprentices today begin at about $35—but it must be remembered they are a different kind of dollars!

As originally planned, the new book section didn't suit Mrs. Hahner at all. It was too small. The "talking machines" and records hemmed her in on one side, and, worse still, on the other was an elite shoe shining parlor, with marble floors, but redolent polishes that constantly assaulted her delicate olfactory apparatus. Mrs. Hahner took steps. First she lured the president, John Shedd, downstairs for a series of confabs. During each visit her assistants would be stationed in adjoining phonograph booths, with the doors

open, playing Sousa marches and Caruso arias at top volume. Naturally, poor Mr. Shedd couldn't hear a word Mrs. Hahner was saying, though she valiantly lied, "I'm shouting as loudly as I can." "Nobody can buy books in that din," Mr. Shedd finally decided, and the Victrolas were moved elsewhere. The shoe shine parlor was harder to dislodge, but the day was carried when Marcella persuaded the management that the bootblacks were characters straight out of Krafft-Ebbing and Havelock Ellis, and that the suggestions they were hurling at prospective customers were not conducive to detached contemplation of the poetry of Tennyson. Mr. Shedd was horrified. Besides, he didn't like the smell of shoe polish either. Marcella soon had all the space she asked for. Years later Mr. Shedd commented wryly, "Our motto is give the lady what she wants—and we sure gave it to Marcella Hahner."

As the Marshall Field book business grew and grew (it reached the million and a half mark last year), Marcella began to introduce a series of innovations. Notable were the first depart-

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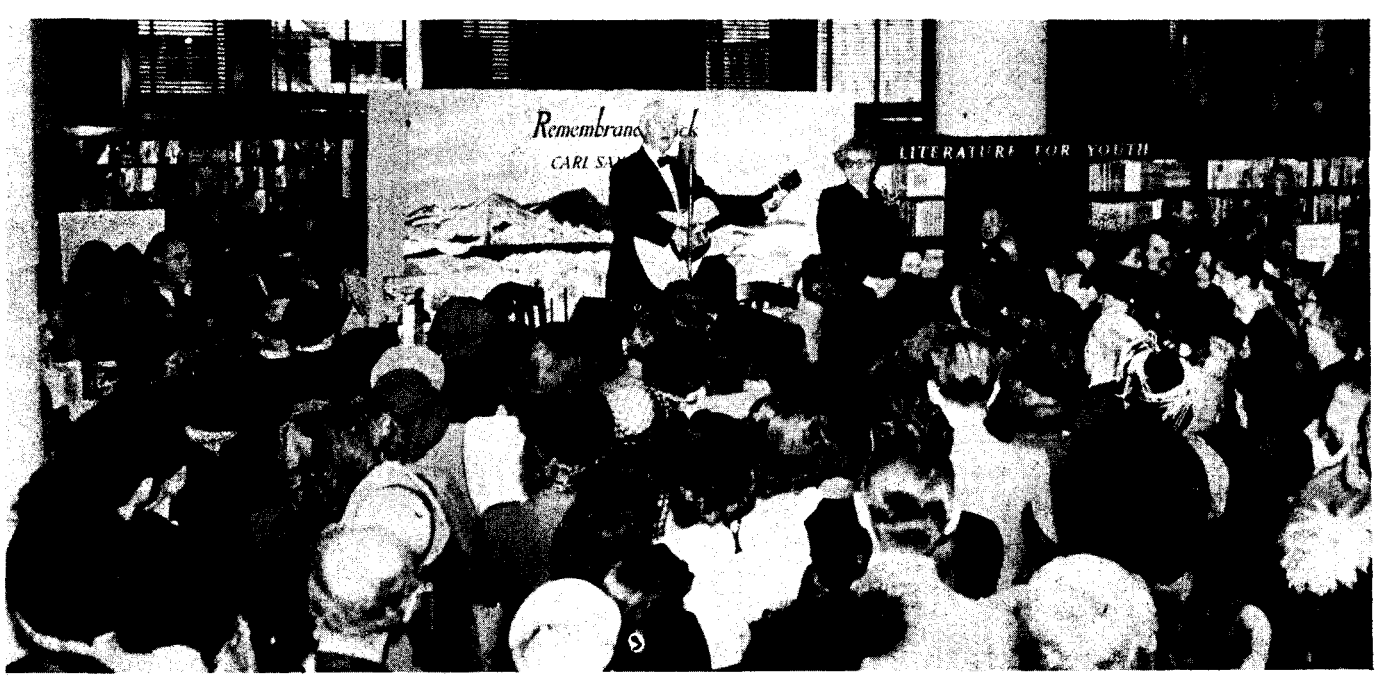
Kathleen Winsor poses with Fred Babcock...

... Marcella Hahner with Amelia Earhart.

"Even Carl Sandburg failed to cause the excitement that ensued when . . .



. . . Judy arrived to 'autograph' a juvenile . . . she refused to leave [and] they had to build a special ramp to get her out."

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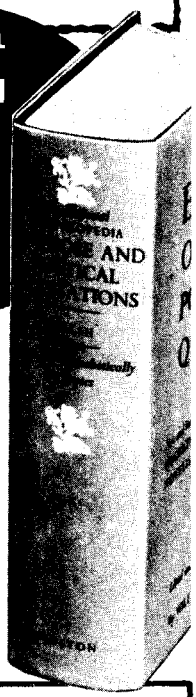

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ment-store autographing parties and book fairs. Today they are abominations, but in 1920 television had not raised its ugly head, and authors were not yet scurrying about the country lecturing their heads off. The sight of a real, live author was still a thrill. When Edgar Guest appeared Field's sold 6,000 copies of his new poems. Admiral Byrd signed so many books that he lost the use of his right hand for a week. "Get me out of here and let me go back to the peace and comfort of the South Pole," he pleaded. Queen Marie of Rumania attracted such a throng that Her Majesty had to get down on her hands and knees and crawl through the customers' legs to reach the platform. The customers loved it, but the girl who sold etiquette books fainted.

On the day Sinclair Lewis visited Field's he got into such a battle with

Mrs. Hahner assistants had to pry them apart to prevent physical violence. John Galsworthy, on the other hand, charmed her so that she overbought his new novel scandalously, and had to sell the last five hundred for a quarter a copy. Prize visitor was a benign and distinguished Englishman of letters who entered the private office with faltering steps, but upon spying Rose Oller got a speck of lust in his eye, and ended up by chasing her all over the department. When Carl Sandburg visited Field's to talk about his four-volume Lincoln sets sold so fast that Miss Oller says, "You'd have thought twenty-dollar bills grew on trees. People literally threw them at us." She adds, "It really was Abe Lincoln who first sent us over the million-a-year mark."

Even Carl Sandburg, however, failed to cause the excitement in the book department that ensued when Judy, a three-year-old elephant, arrived to sign her "autograph" on a new Rand-McNally juvenile. The trouble was that Judy refused to leave. They had to build a special ramp to get her out of the department. Rose Oller's book on the episode has netted her a tidy sum in royalties. There was also a day, not talked about so freely in the store but described with great gusto in Miss Kimbrough's book, when a man entered the book section with an armadillo in leash. Clerks, customers, and store officials closed in to study the strange pet—also to see that he didn't eat any of the merchandise—the while the man who brought him browsed unconcernedly through a copy of "Human Behavior." In the meantime, also, one of his business associates, completely unobserved, was picking off several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise from nearby counters. From that time forward armadillos have not been encouraged in the book department.

Marcella Hahner died in 1940. Since then Rose Oller has been the head of Field's book department—a wise, jolly, and infinitely kind lady who has won favors and advantageous deals from salesmen that Mrs. Hahner, with all her shenanigans, could never have begun to bring off. Now her turn has come to abdicate. On January 24 some three hundred of the people who love her will attend a banquet to wish her well and signalize the completion of thirty-nine years of outstanding service to Field's.

The new regime in Marshall Field's book department will be headed by Bob Bangs, Princeton '41, a 1952 model executive—sophisticated, brainy, assured. Bangs is headed for high places in the department store hierarchy. Some think he'll plow ahead faster even than Princeton's other prodigy, Dick Kazmaier, did against Cornell, Harvard, and Yale. Meanwhile, flanked by such stalwarts as Harriot Early, Mrs. Ruth Luke, Loretta Klink, Mrs. Olive Peterson, and Ija Adler, he hardly can fail to shoot book department totals to a brand-new high.

If you visit the Field centennial any time during 1952 be sure to step off on the third floor and get an eyeful of how a really perfectly stocked and staffed book department functions. Watching the books scooped up in a steady stream by satisfied customers, you will understand the often-quoted prayer of one of the store's bigwigs: "God protect the person who enjoys reading a good book. God protect him—and send him to Marshall Field's!"

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 927)

BERNARD SHAW:
SHAKES VERSUS SHAV.

I, William Shakes, was born in Stratford town,
. . . Hither I raging come
An infamous impostor to chastize,
Who in an ecstasy of self-conceit
Shortens my name to Shav . . .
Tell me, ye citizens of Malvern,
Where I may find this caitiff . . .

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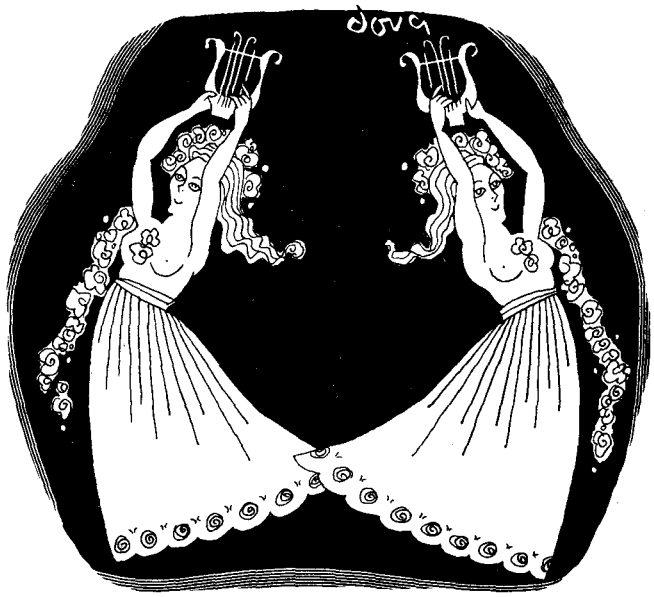
The Saturday Review of Literature



Do Women Make Good Poets?

RUMER GODDEN

Rumer Godden

THERE ARE many women writers who write good prose; in the novel especially women are the equals, if not the betters of men. Why have not more of them written good poetry?

Woman is emancipated now. She can vote, she can own property, she can work—though not on equal pay; almost all professions are open to her if she can find the means to follow them. Then why does she so seldom follow that of the poet? The woman poet has always been a rarity; she is still rare today, yet all she needs is a few pieces of paper, a pen . . . and herself. Is it that last that balks her?

It would appear to be a suitable profession. The popular conception of a poet is effeminate, long-haired, delicate, temperamental, unpredictable. It is true that a male poet always has an admixture of the feminine, just as the woman poet has traits that are essentially masculine. What is needed seems to be a peculiar balance of the sexes in each sex, each working on the other to produce a kind of chemistry—it might be called alchemy, an attempt to transmute other metals into gold, to discover the elixir of life. But if the male poet is partly feminine he is also male, intensely virile; he has wives, mistresses, children without impairing the force in his work. Indeed, often he has to work off his physical energy on hedging or hoeing or sawing wood. The saw goes well with the pen, the thimble does not. Perhaps sewing is the most purely womanly of all things a woman does. Men cook and garden, they seldom sew. Thoughts when a woman is sewing are intimate and personal; this may be the clue to the nature of the gulf between the woman and the poet. The womanly woman is beset with little visions, and the poet needs a large vision. She is attached, and the poet must be detached. A poet must have the power to inhabit space, to float, to disappear, like Ariel, in an essence of himself; most women are too personal to disappear. For all woman's emancipation, for all the professions she may follow, she is still trammeled by herself. Ann Elliot's cry from the heart is still the cry of most women: "We live at home . . . (even if we are not there, even if we are out following our bent as lawyer, doctor, economist) . . . our feelings prey upon us." Ann Elliot is still right; it is, and always will be, very difficult for a woman to free herself, to leave the walls and hedges of her home, to escape whole from her feelings.

But, surely, feeling is the first essential for a poet? It is the first, but only the first. The rest must follow, and too often a woman can travel no further than the range of her own feelings. She cannot soar above them and look down on them, look through them, hold them as burning glass—in Katherine Mansfield's simile — between the paper of her poem and the sun and let it be the sun's rays that set the paper alight, not a match she has bought in a packet or made herself from a splinter of wood and a little sulphur she has kept handy.

Women poets are inclined to write short and personal poetry. Though they have shown that they can subordinate themselves to a theme and write with grandeur, they are usually best suited if they distil what may be called chips of personal experience into poems. But to be successful, the small experience, the starting point should be linked to poetic experiences —i.e., to the vision. Either catch it—as in that burning glass—or, like a lamp, illuminate it; one is a leading in, the other a sending out. These are homely similes—a burning glass, a lamp; but the poet knows how to use them.

CONTRAST these two poems by a minor woman poet of our own time, E. J. Scovell, who writes serious and often exquisite poetry:

Now at edge of evening, the flowers
Near the window, holding the light rarefied,
Seem like human shapes on a sea shore.

These show black on plains of light, yet keep
All the light sea and the lonely space
Gathered in their eyes, their still and meaning stance.

So the small azalea, with winged
Transient seeming flowers (as though there pitched
There by day night-journeying butterflies,)

Drained of color, shape, become sea foam
Limitless at dusk, draws to itself the sparse
World-wide light; holds like a cup, enhanced,
Possessed, and gives it back, a fountain, to the dark.

Compare it to her

This is heaven, the winter park they walk in,

Rumer Godden, English novelist, playwright, and poet, is best known in this country for her novels of Indian life, "Black Narcissus" and "The River."

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Dissolution over, stars with leaves fallen,
The year corrupted away: it is full winter.

Father, child, and mother walk in heaven,
Soberly in the mist, the tranquil heart
Of winter, arms linked or hands fallen coldly.

The ragged children are voices glancing on the trees
On the outskirts of heaven. They are heroic foot-prints
On the sodden steep slopes, the mouldered beech-leaves.

The lovers sway clasped hands, walk apart, are silent.
Like travelers on a frieze, like sojourners in heaven,
They have forgotten even that they have forgotten.

The first poem leads inward, the second opens out. Miss Scovell has the sun in her small burning glass, she has lit her lamp. Often with women poets this does not happen; we catch a brief blink of light, and it is blocked out by the woman herself. We cannot see past her; she swamps her poem with her emotions, it becomes too much, and this leads to the lush overloaded verse that has brought the term "poetess" into opprobrium, verse such as that of Felicia Dorothea Hemans, Adelaide Procter, and the famous Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The work of the poetess is often popular, of course. It is as warm, as sensuous, as easy as theatre organ music, syrupy sweet. It throbs with the vox humana, it is horridly quotable:

I shall be the gladdest thing under the sun.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array—
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It has the obvious sentiment:

So many gods, so many creeds
So many paths that wind and wind. . . .

That drop of godhood, like a precious stone
May shine the brightest in the tiniest flake.

Like the music that matches it, the tune lingers maddeningly in one's head.

THE POETESS was rampant in the last century and in the early years of this, but recently, she has been marked out and largely condemned. The serious woman poet is disassociated from her, but she is still there, lurking, ready at the slightest opportunity, to come,—no, to flow out (her verses always flowed). Often the poetess inundates and drowns the poet, for it is a regrettable fact that the woman poet and the poetess can exist in one and the same woman. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is an example. She could write lines that were not easy, that bear the mark of original vision:

—*The Bettmann Archive.*
Christina Rossetti—"wholeness of gift."

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

or:

By thunders of white silence overthrown.

and then lines like:

. . . Shakespeare on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time.

stereotyped jingle that flows on for a hundred verses. One could defend her by saying she wrote with the heaviness, the ornamentations of her period. Yet Christina Rossetti, who was alive at the same time, has small trace of the poetess. Her short poems are intensely personal, but hers is a frosty detached spirit, like pieces of glass that sometimes color into jewels as in "Goblin Market." Christina Rossetti was less womanly than Elizabeth Barrett Browning; she was more detached from family life—one could not imagine, for instance, anyone giving her the nickname "Baa." In the end she married only her poetry, she lived with it, keeping herself for it. It is this, this wholeness of gift, this dedication, that marks the true poet; and I think this is the reason that so few women attain that stature.

A WOMAN, leading a woman's life, can never be whole; she is constantly drained in a way that a man is not. To write a poem is an experience into which the whole of the poet must go; in it he must be reborn and one cannot be born oneself if one is continually giving birth. This is what a womanly woman does; she spends her days creating and re-creating, not only in her children but in the ordering of her home; she spends, perhaps hours a day, in making and unmaking her appearance, her clothes; she is attached, intimate in her relations with her family and her friends; she is personal in her very cooking, in her sewing, even in arranging the flowers. Women love to arrange flowers beautifully; I doubt if any woman poet arranges flowers beautifully, except perhaps V. Sackville-West — or does she simply write beautifully of their arrangement?

The woman poet is more set apart from other women than the male poet from other men. No doubt women despise her because she is not deft. She is often a little inept, clumsy about the practical things of life; when Alice Meynell trimmed her children's hats the trimming fell off. In an Edwardian autobiography a society authoress commented spitefully on the young Edith Sitwell's lack of small talk. The woman poet has nothing to say to other women, except through her poetry. In proportion to her power she eschews herself with male detachment; she must consent to be unwomanly, she must consent to be apart. She may not like her loneliness, particularly when she is young. Perhaps it is that that gives to the best of her work a power of penetration, a pathos, that is like an inner voice, a voice like light rising from the sound of the poem, from the exquisite shell of its texture and shape.

Now, eminent, illustrious, recognized, Dr. Edith Sitwell has this voice as she had it then. She illuminates her poems, often with a hard bone light that is frightening in its intensity, though she can be equally tender, but the tenderness is never sentimental. She is the antithesis of the poetess. Such lines as

Said the lion to the lioness
"When we are amber dust."

or

Our nurses called to us, their faces lovely

(*Continued on page 39*)

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Blind Words in Russia

LOUIS FISCHER

IN THE 1920's, when Stalin's reducing surgery was very far from complete, a successful Soviet playwright named Alexander Afinogenov wrote a play called "The Lie." For months he waited for a decision and was put off with "It's still being read" or "We haven't made up our minds." One day he received a telephone invitation to come to Stalin. The censorship bureaucrats had lacked the courage to reject the manuscript of an important author like Afinogenov and so they had passed the play on up the hierarchical ladder until, since no one dared, it reached Stalin. Stalin said it was a good script, but the people weren't ready for the truth, they couldn't be shown the lie in Soviet life, and would Afinogenov therefore, "do me a favor" and withdraw the libretto for the time being. Afinogenov (killed by a Nazi bomb dropped on Moscow) did Stalin the favor and "the time being" continues till this day.

Freedom of speech is freedom of honest speech. In the Soviet Union all are free to speak in agreement with the dictator. But they speak like cracked records. They recite the party line. Some would rather not speak at all in these circumstances. But, no, the Kremlin demands its pound of words; it demands dishonest affirmations, confessions. They humble the speakers and confuse the listeners. Stripped of truthful words, the victims are powerless to defend themselves against Bolshevik surgery. The Soviet regime has performed a miracle of surgery. It has succeeded in cutting all its citizens down to the size of puppets the better to dominate them.

Small souls in big places—Stalin for instance—have a dread of big men. Hence the perpetual purge. But not everybody can be purged; somebody has to help in the work. These must be reduced to the dimensions of kowtowing, cringing, faceless sycophants. Occasionally one wondered why Comrade X or Citizen Y had been purged. He had always obeyed, never been in the opposition. But he had an independent air, which means that he would ask a question before conforming, he tried to retain a few words. Such characters imperil a dictatorship.

Although Stalin is past seventy and does not work as hard as he used to, he apparently still keeps his eyes on literature and art. Writing in the Moscow *Pravda* of December 21, 1949, A. Poskrobeshev, for many years Stalin's chief secretary, says, "The authors of film scenarios ask Comrade Stalin to give his conclusions on their work. He acquaints himself thoroughly with their scripts and gives his observations.'" "Conclusions" in Soviet Russian means decisions. For important works Stalin still takes the trouble to decide personally what is to appear and what is to die. After Stalin approves, the author is safe from persecution and bad reviews.

Serge Eisenstein, the producer genius, told me he did not want to make a film on Ivan the Terrible, but the Kremlin insisted. It wished him to portray that pervert Czar as one of the fathers of the Russian nation and thus endear him to Soviet citizens.

Everything is regulated in Stalin's Russia including the reaction to Stalin himself. For many years Stalin was spoken of in private conversation as "Hozyain," The Boss. Most Soviet leaders used the term. One day in the 1930's Karl Radek, a famous publicist and then the court herald of Stalinist glorification, said to me, "The word 'Hozyain' must be dropped. We will call him 'The Old Man'."

"Hozyain" is sobering, "The Old Man" is affectionate. The Soviet apparatus even tries to regulate emotions. The children are taught to chant, "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for a happy life." The number of times Stalin's photograph and name appears is the subject of careful calculation. During the months immediately after the Hitler invasion of Russia, when the Red Army fell back, Stalin's name rarely appeared in print; he did not want thought of defeat to be associated with thoughts of him. When the tide of battle turned "Stalin" again figured in almost every paragraph as usual.

Terror alone does not make an effective dictatorship. The modern despot must also exercise control over words. The totalitarian nationalization of industry is a minor event compared to the nationalization of human beings and of the vocabulary. In fact, the Kremlin controls its citizens because it controls their use of words.

TWO leading Communists of Bologna, Signori Magnani and Cucchi, published a booklet explaining their defection from the Italian Communist Party. They reveal the terror exercised by the Party over its members in Italy. "No close and human family affection is any longer respected," they write. "A brother is urged to write contemptuous letters against his brother, attempts are made to extract from an uncle a letter full of hatred against his nephew, sisters are terrorized and made to weep by the most histrionic methods, so that they will persuade their brothers not to resign, or at least to be prudent in expressing opinions." After thus describing the NKVD-like methods by which Italian Communism seeks to prevent further resignations Signori Magnani and Cucchi add, trenchantly: "Let Party members imagine a state in which a party that has descended to similar methods holds power, and let them consider whether this is the Communism of which they have dreamed." The same bad ends evoke the same bad means in Italy as in Russia. "The bureaucracy which increasingly dominates the Italian Communist Party," Magnani and Cucchi continue, "no longer wishes to discuss in political terms . . . it is moving more and more toward a demagogic vacuum. . . ."

"Demagogic vacuum" correctly characterizes the situation in the USSR, where words in which no one believes have taken the place of ideas and truth. The Soviet regime is the inferno of intellectuals and artists. In the ab-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Louis Fischer, author of "The Soviets in World Affairs," "Men and Politics," and "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," is now at work on a biography of Joseph Stalin.

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Van Wyck Brooks & the "American Wager"

Van Wyck Brooks—"the light of ideas."

WHEN Van Wyck Brooks's "Opinions of Oliver Allston" was published in 1941 an unintentional but definite hurdle was set up for future Brooks biographers. In the face of that gracefully undisguised full-width, full-length self-portrait anyone writing (whether in brief or at length) about its alter-ego protagonist is subject to an uneasy feeling of redundancy. For when Mr. Brooks is asked what he likes best to do he replies, "Write," and when pursued for a stated supplement to this activity he says, "Talk"; "his recently deceased friend," Oliver Allston, is remarked to be (in the first chapter where the stage of the impersonation is set with quiet humor) one "of those who enjoy the use of their minds" and one who "liked to think, as he liked to write," and the rest of the book tells us what he liked to think about. Since it is apparent to anyone who has read even one of Mr. Brook's many works that to him ideas are not fleshless, misty abstractions but the meaning, the meat, and the mainspring action of men, we believe you'll find the meat of him in the "Opinions."

Yet there are some occasions so important that redundancy must be risked—indeed, even enjoyed by its perpetrator—and the publication of "The Confident Years" is such an occasion. Curiously enough, in spite of "Opinions" and the fact that its author has won almost every literary award possible for an American to receive, not many people actually know very much about Van Wyck Brooks. This is in itself descriptive of the man. Except for a brief period of youthful iconoclasm he has not figured flashingly in the public eye nor vociferously in the public ear as he applied himself with steady industry—and with steadily increasing pleasure to himself in the doing—to the production of his books and the accumulated statement of faith in the "American wager." To be sure, there have been certain literary tempests blowing about his name now and then; Waldo Frank wrote in *SRL*, February 28, 1942, "The opinions of Van Wyck Brooks have now inspired one of those polemical flurries which periodically twitch the sleeping mind of intellectual America," apropos of the Oliver Allston book, which included a version of a disputed report "On Our Literature Today" given at a conference on the democratic way of life in 1940. But such "twitches" subside.

He says that he really knew little about his subject when he began the American letters project twenty years ago, and he talks with reminiscent enjoyment of "reading and writing" together. (He was not alone in this relative ignorance, as Lewis Mumford pointed out in his *SRL* review of "The Times of Melville and Whitman" in 1947: "Twenty-five years ago when the Bonis and the Knopfs were planning libraries of the neglected American classics, hardly anyone knew enough about American literature to suggest what works cried to be published. But today, thanks largely to Mr. Brooks, a considerable library might be published.") Each little-known American writer he dug up whetted his appetite for more.

One might easily conjecture that he would feel justifiably content to sit back and bask; but he says casually he is now at work on a short book to explain why he wrote the series. We deservedly got no satisfactory answer to the flippant inquiry—would he write another one to explain *that*—but we are sure that as long as he lives he'll go on being a writer.

He decided to be that at the age of thirteen, following a trip to Europe with his family, where he fell under the spell of Ruskin and daydreamed of producing a history of painting. However, on return to his native Plainfield, New Jersey, he settled for concrete first publication in *St. Nicholas*. At Harvard (class of 1908 but taking his degree in 1907) he was an editor of the *Harvard Adocate* and a Phi Beta Kappa. In 1907 he went steerage to England, and his first book, "The Wine of the Puritans," was published there in 1908. For more than a year he lived in London slums, sometimes on a perilous thirty shillings a week, worked for a press clipping agency, later with Curtis Brown, literary agents, wrote articles for London and Manchester papers and magazines, and was an eager Socialist. There were several visits to Paris. . . . Of O. Allston it is written, "The moment he left America, in his younger days, his mind was filled with America, which he had largely taken for granted while he was living in it," and in a chapter discussing expatriation Allston is said to feel that "all American writers who lived long abroad tended to be air-plants . . ." Anyway, the young Brooks came back to America, and lived in New York from 1909 to 1911. (Of big cities Allston says, "Every day I grow more and more to think of city-people as cheese-mites, as mere infusoria. One cannot know what respect is unless one learns it in the country," and, "There is such a thing as dying of over-stimulation."

IN New York he worked on the Standard Dictionary and Collier's Encyclopedia, and he was for a year editorial assistant on the *World's Work*. In 1911 he went to California, where he married Eleanor Kenyon; the first of two sons was born there. He taught English at Leland Stanford and worked on his life of John Addington Symonds. In 1914 he joined the Century Company and was one of its stable of translators—having a hand over the years in about thirty French books. Westport, Connecticut, became home. He was literary editor of *The Freeman* from 1920 to 1924.

For five years after 1926 he was ill, doing little work. He was in the grip of the melancholy that seemed to be an occupational hazard of our young writers of the late Twenties and early Thirties. But perhaps the most significant thing in Van Wyck Brooks's life is that he got well, and triumphantly so. "Allston's mind had come full circle. He remained a realist, for he liked to keep his feet on the ground, but he realized that he was an idealist also . . . as he saw that his own mind had clarified he felt the time had come to assert his idealism. The world was

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another Humpty-Dumpty, and no one denied it had had a great fall. But was it not imperative to put the world together again, since human beings had to go on living? . . . The world *had* to be put together, and the only way to do it was to see it again—and see life—in the light of ideas."

And so Van Wyck Brooks began looking at life again, and lovingly, which is the only way, perhaps, to see it whole. Certainly one outward sign of this was the beginning of the history of American letters, and the carrying through of the project with zest and integrity and an affirmative quality that grew as it went along—not, in other words, an affirmation grimly decided on in advance but one which flowed naturally out of the act of "seeing" the world.

His working schedule is definite: early rising (sixish), reading before breakfast, writing until noon, reading in afternoon, then quiet sociability or a movie if desired in the evening. Eleanor Brooks died in 1946; he has since married Gladys Rice Billings. Residence has changed to Bridgewater, Connecticut. Honors have included a Dial Award, Pulitzer Prize, National Book Award, and Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

He looks and sounds like a healthy and happy man, cheery faced, rosy cheeked, slightly under average height; his dark hair, an exuberant pompadour, makes striking contrast to the pure white mustache. His voice is pleasant to hear. He has a genius for consideration of others—friends and publishers say he never imposes himself on a busy moment, for instance, but simply disappears until more propitious time. He has been an E. P. Dutton & Company author for two decades, and it is appropriate that the January publication of this concluding book in a monumental study of American writing signals the beginning of Dutton's own celebration of 100 years in publishing.

It took more than wishing to consummate those achievements of both publishing firm and writer; it probably took tough-mindedness. And that quality is discussed in Oliver Allston's concluding reflection. Though Mr. Brooks puckishly disclaims self-understanding at the start of "Opinions," the sentences with which he ends that book define a Humpty-Dumpty putter-together so well that we will borrow them for our own conclusion:

"I cannot get on with tender-minded people. I like tender hearts, but I like tough minds. . . . When people's heads are soft their hearts grow hard.

"It is the tough-minded who achieve the hopes and aims of the tender in heart."

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

Belles-Lettres.

If the familiar essay is a rapidly vanishing literary form, as we have had occasion frequently to remark in this space, the letter already belongs to the past. How many persons nowadays take the pains necessary to write letters that would warrant publication for anything except historical interest? Samuel Shellabarger's recently published "Lord Chesterfield and His World" celebrates one of the brightest stars of the greatest period of the epistolary art. The eighteenth century was also the age of William Cowper, whose letters have been newly collected by Mark Van Doren (page 12). The tradition remained vigorous enough through the next century to encourage the indefatigable Anthony Trollope to produce the rich lode which Bradford Allen Smith has worked for the volume reviewed on page 15. . . . The first important literary event of the new year is the publication of Van Wyck Brooks's extended study, "The Confident Years," reviewed below.

Pageant of Literary America

THE CONFIDENT YEARS 1885-1915. *By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 627 *pp.* $6.

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

WITH this study of his own times, Van Wyck Brooks announces the completion of what he now calls, "Makers and Finders: A History of the writer in America, 1800-1915." It is now possible to apply to the life work of one of the major literary figures of our time the classic questions of criticism: What has the writer proposed to himself to do? How far has he succeeded in carrying out his own plan? But this is a review; and only a few stammering remarks can be made. Look elsewhere and much later for the final estimate.

As with the Leather-Stocking Tales of an earlier student of an even earlier American past the recommended order of reading of these five books differs from that of the writing. "The World of Washington Irving" is first in chronological order; then follows "The Flowering of New England" (still the best of the series), "The Times of Melville and Whitman," "New England: Indian Summer," and finally the present volume. But anyone who has watched Mr. Brooks spin his web during the past ten and more years will still prefer to read the books as they were written, for, like the industrious spider, the chronicler of America's literary past has proceeded from the core of meaning outward with cunning accuracy and intricate pattern, and the creative reader will do likewise. Time and space sequences are incidental.

This last work coincides in time with the latter half of "New England: Indian Summer" and in space with the Melville-Whitman book. Opening with the New York of the Eighties, it uses the arrival of James Huneker in 1886 to strike its keynote in much the way Gilbert Stuart and Horace Greeley were used in earlier volumes. The first twenty-nine chapters maintain the now-familiar calmness of temper and objectivity of the chronicler. This is the time and this the world of Mr. Brooks himself; but nowhere is he mentioned. Even his closer intimates like John Hall Wheelock, Lewis Mumford, Waldo Frank, and James Oppenheim—the circle of *The Freeman* and *The Seven Arts*—are omitted or scarcely mentioned. The role he himself played in bringing the confident years to a close with the anti-Puritan and the Mark Twain (still the most seminal of his writings) and Henry James books is given to Randolph Bourne, only momentarily important and long since departed. For the rest, this is the world of Edith Wharton, of Theodore Dreiser, of Norris and Garland, of the early Lewis and O'Neill.

Those who have read the earlier books will not need to be told that the picture is both vivid and colorful, accurate in bold outlines and important details. Real people move through scenes like characters in an historical

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romance, and ideas have the firmness and roundness of well-drawn people. Nowhere is the author or reader confused by the confusions of mind and emotion of these changing times. This is a panorama, not a dissection, of the past, a pageant of literary America. Mr. Brooks works best when he knows and loves his material, and he knows and loves the Concord of Emerson and the New York of the recent past. Volumes II and IV are logical necessities in the over-all plan. This and the New England books are effortless and convincing.

There is criticism—usually tolerant, wise, and shrewd—but it is of authors as people in an environment rather than of the things they wrote. Writers as different as Gertrude Stein and Edith Wharton receive equally sympathetic treatment because they depicted honestly the life they knew and so contributed to the unfolding of the American past, while harsh comment on H. L. Mencken and Paul Elmer More is directed toward their own rejections of the creative spirit of their times. Happily but inconclusively, this chronicle of America's literary past concludes with Eugene O'Neill, "uncertain, tentative, puzzled, and groping."

Gertrude Stein and Edith Wharton—"depicted honestly the life they knew."

At this point Mr. Brooks drops his role of impartial observer of the crystal ball and dons that of his own Oliver Allston, the man of opinions. The last two chapters of "The Confident Years" (by the way, a title reminiscent of Henry Canby's "The Age of Confidence") review hastily the literary climax of the Twenties and Thirties and close with a vigorous challenge to the leadership (Delmore Schwarz has called it "dictatorship") of T. S. Eliot over his generation. For Brooks was once himself a general, and old generals, it is said, never die. There is still great consistency and importance in the now unfashionable critical ideas of this battle-scarred veteran!

For the present let it be noted that the point of the quarrel is more fairly and cogently stated here than it was in the "Coterie" name-calling of the Allston book. Here the challenge is explicit: Eliot, the rediscoverer of the values of literary tradition, has rejected the American tradition, and American writers have accepted his dictum. Even Ezra Pound or Gertrude Stein or H. L. Mencken or Henry James committed no such crime as this; for each of them accepted as premise the vitality and diversity of the American genius as something worthy at least to fight with. On the other hand, Eliot, by his effort to "reestablish the ancient connection between literary tradition and the orthodoxy that America had abandoned," has almost succeeded in accomplishing what Jonathan Edwards and Paul Elmer More and other fundamentalists of varying creeds have from time to time unsuccessfully attempted, the denial of democracy. Brooks takes his stand with Jefferson, Emerson, Whitman, Wolfe, Frost, and now Faulkner in asserting that faith in human dignity and progress—the ethical core of the democratic tradition—cannot perish and must not be denied. In doing so, he has resolved his own former dichotomy, the "high-brow" idealism of "our poets" and the "low-brow" naturalism of the present century. In these last two chapters of his fifth and final volume he steps down from the historian's rostrum to make clear the critical purpose of the whole series.

"A people," this same critic wrote in 1915, "is like a ciphered parchment which has to be held up to the fire before its hidden significances come out . . . and certainly the man who can throw American life into relief will be a man out of ninety million."

Master of Prose

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. Edited with an introduction by Mark Van Doren. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

By Lodwick Hartley

WITHIN the past twenty-five years biographical interest in William Cowper has been lively. Hugh Fausset has presented him as a hapless victim of evangelical fanaticism, Lord David Cecil has shown him as a charmingly pathetic period piece, and Gilbert Thomas and others have attempted to determine the exact amount of Methodism in his madness. In the meantime, ironically enough, Cowper's literary reputation has depreciated almost in proportion to the increase in biographical interest. Sir Herbert Grierson has regarded him as "first and foremost . . . an Evangelical preacher"; Edmund Wilson has given a horseback opinion that his verse is "only a little above mediocrity"; and in a recent literary history Professor George Sherburn remarks that Cowper is "like his favorite beverage, at best cheering, never inebriating." Cowper's reputation as a poet may still await a new and effective champion. Fortunately, however, his reputation as a great master of English prose needs no more eloquent attestation than that which can be provided by a reading of Mark Van Doren's admirable selection of his letters.

In the field of letter writing as a fine art the eighteenth century has unchallengeable pre-eminence. In a sense the letter, like the personal essay, may be regarded as an extension of the "clubability" that made the period famous, for correspondence involved a kind of club *à deux* where intimate conversation and the play of wit could flourish as it did in the coffee-houses — from which, indeed, many an eighteenth-century gentleman wrote his letters. Like the style of the essay, the humor, the warmth, and the freedom of epistolary style often contrasted sharply with rigid conventions of neo-classical poetry.

Practically everybody in the century who engaged in literature or in politics (and some who engaged in

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neither) wrote letters that can be read with increasing delight. Naturally, most of the eighteenth-century letter writers, like the majority of letter writers in any period, wrote with no idea of having their intimacies perpetuated in print.

Cowper's letters were certainly not intended for other eyes than those of his correspondents; and they are among the finest and the most charming in the century because they are totally without pretense, pose, or self-conscious art. On the surface the life that they reveal was less spectacular than that of any other of the great letter writers of the century, not even excepting Shenstone and Gray. After his youthful years in London and his mental derangement of 1763 Cowper retired first to one and then to a second provincial village, where he lived an outwardly quiet life for over thirty years chiefly in the company of women. But drama of a most disturbing sort was going on in his soul; and the menace of a cyclic melancholia constantly hung over the plump, shy, and exceedingly well-bred gentleman who sought to dispel the "fierce banditti" of his mind by carpentry, painting, gardening, and, finally and most happily, by writing poetry and letters that at their most delightful best reveal with exquisite charm the minutiae of his daily living.

The fact that Cowper never became merely an elegant escapist or an accomplished master of literary trifles is evidence of his basic soundness of mind and character. In the work of others he had a manly admiration for strength of matter and utterance, and in his own work he achieved such strength in ample measure. Proof that his isolation was more apparent than real is abundantly attested in the reflections in his verse and in his letters of some of the important currents of eighteenth-century thought and action.

His complete letters and his poetry together form a fascinating autobiography. Fully cognizant of the part played by the letters, Mr. Van Doren has made a selection with the purpose of giving as comprehensive a view as possible of Cowper's character, his tragedy, and his genius. The achievement is a commendable one. Of the one-volume selections hitherto available Mr. Van Doren's is easily the most attractive; and it is likely to remain so for some time to come. A judicious introduction provides the necessary background material; and transitional commentaries give sound guidance along the way. The rest is left to the limpid and ingratiating simplicity, and not infrequently the quiet eloquence, of Cowper's prose style.

Exploding Some Myths

HERMAN MELVILLE: A Biography. By Leon Howard. Berkeley: University of California Press. 354 pp. $5.

By Arnold Whitridge

A HUNDRED years ago, just after she had seen her husband swinging down the road with the proof sheets of "The House of Seven Gables" under his arm, Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her mother that she was not at all sure but that their neighbor Mr. Melville, who had been spending a few days with them, was not "a very great man." For one thing he was "the first person who has ever, in print, apprehended Mr. Hawthorne." Besides that, he was "very agreeable and entertaining, . . . a man with a true warm heart and a soul and an intellect—with life to his finger tips—earnest, sincere and reverent, very tender and modest." This impression of Melville is hard to square with the myth built up by modern intellectuals that Herman Melville was a tormented soul, a Byronic hero at war with the universe, a man who took refuge in dreams as a defense against reality, and suffered disaster.

Leon Howard is the first of Melville's biographers to suggest that Mrs. Hawthorne's charmingly Victorian appraisal of her guest may well have been pretty close to the truth. While he does not explicitly deny Vernon Parrington's dictum that there is no tragedy in American letters comparable to the tragedy of Herman Melville, his biography certainly does not support it. It is generally assumed by the myth-makers that Melville died a forgotten man. However, Mr. Howard punctures this theory by showing that Melville was anything but unknown at the time of his death. On the contrary, few authors have enjoyed such steady popularity. Some fifty-six new editions and reissues of his books had appeared in England and America during his lifetime, and between the date of his death at the age of seventy-two and the centennial of his birth in 1919 publishers found it profitable to reissue the favorite novels, "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby Dick," and "White Jacket," forty-four times.

Herman Melville—"anything but unknown."

Nor do Mr. Howard's findings substantiate the other equally characteristic part of the myth about Melville's domestic unhappiness. Elizabeth Melville was not a brilliant woman, but there is no justification for believing that Melville felt himself to be the victim of "thwarted romance," or that he considered his whole life a far-ranging "pilgrimage for a lost glamour." Mr. Howard points out that on the day of his wedding Melville found a four-leaf clover, and that annually his mind went back to this happy augury of the occasion. Surely it is significant that "the common red clover—sweet, abundant, persistent, and useful—" was the symbol of the marriage relationship that he always chose to recall.

As for the job of deputy inspector of customs there is no reason to suppose that Melville considered it a drudgery. Many other men of letters, his friend Hawthorne among them, had not been ashamed to earn their living as customs house inspectors. While the wages of four dollars a day were not large for the father of four children, his hours were reasonable, and the duties were not onerous. The position had another advantage. It enabled him to brood freely "without the pressure of feeling that his meditations should be commercially as well as personally profitable."

The difference between this biography and most of its predecessors is that every opinion is buttressed with facts. The author has resisted the temptation to reconstruct Melville's life out of his books. Because he had roamed the world in whaling ships and lived among cannibals, a unique experience certainly among novelists, it does not follow that every incident in Melville's books reflects some frag-

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ment of his own life. The substance of the books must have been derived, Mr. Howard maintains, partly from "a memory of his own experiences, partly from reading, and partly from an invention which combined his real and vicarious or imaginative experiences in an effort to tell as good a tale as he could make sound plausible."

Obvious though all this may be, it was worth saying in view of the frightening structure of symbolism and psychology that other critics and biographers have erected between Melville and his readers. Incidentally, Melville himself declared that though he had "some vague idea while writing it" that "Moby Dick" was "susceptible of an allegorical construction," Hawthorne's analysis of it had first made the allegories clear to their inventor.

Mr. Howard gives full credit to Jay Leyda's "Melville Log," which places the documents and facts of Melville's life in chronological form. His own book is an outgrowth of the "Log." It does not delve into the subliminal reaches of Melville's mind, but for those who want to know the man himself, to understand the circumstances under which he wrote, to see him against the background of the times, this is the book—factual, scholarly, and utterly absorbing.

Analyses of a Poet's Work

STUDIES IN MILTON. By E. M. W. Tillyard. New York: Macmillan Co. 176 pp. $2.50.

By John S. Diekhoff

THIS IS A collection of ten essays (plus two brief appendices) not all closely related to one another except for their common relevance to Milton. Four essays and the two appendices have been printed before; six are new. One of these new studies, "The Crisis of 'Paradise Lost'," constitutes more than a fourth of the volume and is followed by three brief pieces (also new) with closely related arguments: "A Note on Satan," "Satan, Gabriel and the Plowman," and "Adam and Eve in Paradise." The other two new pieces deal with "Milton's Humor" and with "Theology and Emotion in Milton." A short review must concern itself chiefly with the longest of the essays.

In "The Crisis of 'Paradise Lost'" Mr. Tillyard undertakes to correct misreadings of the poem which result from too ready acceptance of Raleigh's identification of Eve's eating of the apple as the crisis of the poem. Mr. Tillyard argues that "Instead of a small spot in Book Nine for a watershed you have to take the whole great area of Books Nine and Ten."

This is not a merely technical question of plot construction and analysis, a question of Milton's craftsmanship. It has far-reaching implications to the basic significance of the poem. Every line of the poem, Raleigh said, leads backward and forward to five central lines:

> So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
> Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat.
> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
> That all was lost.

If so, the story is the story of Satan's victory over Eve, and it is possible to argue that Satan is the "hero" and had Milton's unacknowledged sympathy. "Nothing of the kind can be argued," says Mr. Tillyard, "when the chief point of the crisis is the delusion of Satan and the ironic defeat of his apparent gigantic efforts by the small decencies of the human pair."

I am not sure that identification of a plateau instead of a peak as the "crisis" of "Paradise Lost" is the best way in which Mr. Tillyard could have made his point. But his argument is constantly illuminating. It has the kind of clarity to which the reader responds "Of course!" not because he knew it all the time, but because when the point is made he feels he should have known.

Although he admires Milton and his poem as much as any, Mr. Tillyard has the courage to say that Milton "resorts to some faking: perfectly legitimate in a poem, yet faking nevertheless. He anticipates the Fall by attributing to Eve and Adam feelings which though nominally felt in a state of innocence are actually not compatible with it." Without quarreling with the word or suggesting that the faking he attributes to Milton is illegitimate in a poem, we may well observe that there is no faking in Mr. Tillyard's book.

John S. Diekhoff is director of the Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults, Chicago. He is the author of "Milton on Himself," "Milton's Paradise Lost: A Commentary on the Argument," and "Democracy's College." He is a member of the editorial board of "The Prose Works of John Milton," to be published by Yale University Press.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, offers sixteen quotations from the works of famous poets, each having a blank space to be filled in from the list of fruits and vegetables on the right. Allowing three points for each correct fill-in and another three points for identifying either the poem or the poet, a score of fifty-four is par, sixty-six is very good, and seventy-eight or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. 'Bout the time ..... melts on the vine. ( ) Apples
2. There ..... grow, which none may buy. ( ) Beans
3. New ..... on the tender spray. ( ) Cabbages
4. He is trampling out the vintage where the ..... of wrath are stored. ( ) Carrot
5. She stood in tears amid the alien ..... . ( ) Celery
6. The ripest ..... is highest on the tree. ( ) Cherries
7. While visions of sugar ..... danced in their heads. ( ) Corn
8. 'Tis three blue ..... in one blue bladder. ( ) Dates
9. Of shoes- and ships- and sealing wax- of ..... and kings. ( ) Figs
10. If the man who ..... cries, cry not when his father dies. ( ) Grapes
11. And we take along a ..... as refreshment for the parrot. ( ) Orange
12. You shall wear ..... blossoms in your hair, Marguerite. ( ) Peach
13. He was, for all the world, like a forked ..... . ( ) Plums
14. Manna and ..... in argosy transferred from Fez. ( ) Radish
15. Their blunt ends frizzled like ..... tips. ( ) Strawberries
16. Since Eve ate ..... much depends on dinner. ( ) Turnips

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—*Illustration for "Don Quixote," from New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

Understanding a Complex People

THE LITERATURE OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE. By Gerald Brenan. New York: Cambridge University Press. 496 *pp.* $7.50.

By Herschel Brickell

THE author of this fine study is a Maltese by birth, married to an American, who is rapidly moving into the position of the first English-speaking Hispanist of this period. His two preceding books, "The Spanish Labyrinth," a history of the political and social problems of Spain, and the more recent "The Face of Spain," showed him to be not only an exceptionally good writer but a man who has a profound comprehension of the complexities of one of the hardest countries to understand that has ever existed.

A good part of what Mr. Brenan has to say of the literature of the Iberian Peninsula is to be found in other histories of Spanish writing, from our own Ticknor to the present, but his judgments are his own, and the amount of space devoted to poetry, with abundant details of its Oriental influences, makes his book unique in its field.

For those who know little or nothing of Spanish poetry Mr. Brenan offers a most generous sampling, and his wife has made translations of the poems quoted which are in general of excellent quality. This aspect of Mr. Brenan's book makes it indispensable to anyone who wishes to discover the real spirit of the Spaniard. It is undeniable that the literature of the Peninsula, as Mr. Brenan says, has its peculiar flavor and aroma. It is not European and has never been, except for occasional currents of influence, so that by reading it one may add another mental and spiritual dimension to the understanding of the human race.

Mr. Brenan's pages on Pérez Galdós make it clear once more that he is perhaps the most generally neglected of all novelists of first rank who have ever written. He was fecundity itself, almost another "monster of nature," like Lope de Vega, and while the "Episodios Nacionales" are of only small interest to the outside world, such novels as "Fortunata and Jacinta" deserve much more attention than they have ever had.

The very difficult task of saying anything at all fresh and new about Cervantes Mr. Brenan has met and passed with flying colors. His chapter on this greatest of all Spanish writers is very much worth reading, and one may hope that it will send a few more readers of these times back to "Don Quixote," an inexhaustible source of interest and refreshment for all those who love the novel at its best and most significant.

The best thing to be said in praise of Mr. Brenan is that he is a good scholar who wears his learning lightly and gracefully. Among the histories of Spanish literature his book ranks high up among the most readable and most useful.

Herschel Brickell, long a student of Spanish literature, is now making a tour of the Latin-American countries in the interest of cultural exchange.

Genial Novelist

THE LETTERS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Edited by Bradford Allen Booth. New York: Oxford University Press. 519 *pp.* $8.

By Ben Ray Redman

PUBLISHED in a format uniform with that of the handsome Oxford Trollope, Crown Edition, now being issued by the Oxford University Press, this volume, edited by an Associate Professor of English at the University of California, Los Angeles, is a work of scrupulous scholarship that will be welcomed gladly by all students and devoted readers of Anthony Trollope. Of the 932 assembled letters "considerably more than 750 are unpublished, and among those published a majority have appeared only in fragmentary form." Every letter that contains anything of biographical or literary interest is printed in full, while those devoid of such interest are listed in their proper chronological order, and their contents summarized. Mr. Booth's notes—chiefly concerned with the identification of correspondents and the explanation of allusions—are remarkably satisfactory, thanks to the knowledge he has acquired during assiduous labor in the special field that he continues to cultivate.

Trollope's letters are not studied works of art, like Madame de Sévigné's and Walpole's, or mirrors of an age, like Swift's, or the uncensored outpourings of a dedicated poet, like Keats's. Trollope's letters are valuable, not for their own sake, but for what they have to tell us of the man who created Barsetshire, with all its memorable inhabitants. Students will find in them confirmation and elaboration of much that they already know, and a mass of factual material; more casual readers will relish these letters as an opportunity to prolong and extend their acquaintance with one of the most genial, most straightforward, most companionable of English novelists.

They will follow with interest the progress of Trollope's literary career as it is recorded in his correspondence with publishers and friends, and they will find themselves able to follow it closely, for this volume amply bears out the truth of his statement to Baron Tauchnitz: "I have perhaps had more dealings with publishers than any man living." Contracts, publication dates, sales, manuscript, cuts, details of book-making—these are the subjects with which a multitude of letters deal. Trollope shows himself as the

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Ideas & Studies.

Four men who have made uncommonly important contributions to contemporary thought are the subjects or authors of books reviewed in the following columns. Only one of them is not still alive—the French pre-World War I Socialist whose revolutionary philosophy is discussed in "Georges Sorel: Prophet Without Honor," by Richard Humphrey (page 18). Of the living, John Dewey, at the ripe age of ninety-two, can take pride in the fact that his conception of the democratic life has won followers and worked changes far beyond the borders of his native country. Jerome Nathanson synthesizes his thought in the new book reviewed below. Some of the most burning questions of our time—war and human progress, man and his relation to the state—are discussed by a distinguished economic philosopher (John U. Nef) and an eminent Catholic philosopher (Jacques Maritain) in challenging books that are reviewed this week on pages 17 and 19.

Jerome Nathanson—"brief and intelligible."

Homespun Philosopher

JOHN DEWEY: The Reconstruction of the Democratic Life. By Jerome Nathanson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 127 *pp.* $2.

By Brand Blanshard

IN THE COURSE of his long life John Dewey has made excursions into every province of philosophy and into many regions outside it. His own record of these excursions is rather heavy going, and since it runs to thousands of pages, his readers have often wished for something brief and intelligible that would give them the gist of Dewey as a whole.

This is what Mr. Nathanson has tried to supply. In reading his book I am carried back to an impression formed in Dewey's classroom long ago. The ideas that came from the rostrum made their way out haltingly and, it seemed, disjointedly, but one found on going back over one's notes that they made a surprisingly continuous and orderly whole. In going over the widely scattered fragments of Dewey's philosophical writing Mr. Nathanson finds a similar coherence and order.

The root of Dewey's thought is his "instrumentalism," which is a theory about the nature of thought. For philosophers of the past, thought, at least in its highest ranges, has been a search after the permanent structure of things, the laws and categories that make the fixed framework of the world. In Dewey thought is an activity of a wholly different kind. It is an instrument of action, a means of solving problems of behavior, a device which the organism has worked out to help it reach its ends by outwitting nature. With this notion as a key one can unlock many corridors that open lines of vision through the Deweyan philosophy.

With the help of it one can explain, for example, the curious antipathy of this distinguished philosopher for most of the philosophy of the past. In its high-flown speculations it has failed and is bound to fail, through trying to do the impossible; it is silly to use an instrument of practice as a searchlight into the absolute. This philosophy, furthermore, has fostered a baneful tradition which puts contemplation above life in the world; Mr. Nathanson writes that for Dewey "the problem of knowledge is not simply to understand the world, but to change it." The same notion explains Dewey's distrust of "fixities" of all kinds; for him everything is in flux. Moral laws are hypotheses to the effect that such-and-such a way of acting will normally work out well; but we must always be prepared to find that a "law" doesn't work out well, and to revise or discard it.

Even a self is not a fixed thing that sits in detachment outside its own habits; it *is* its own changing habits. Out of the same notion, again, grows Dewey's educational theory. To educate a child is not to impress upon it a set of facts and principles, but to enable it, by a process of trial and error, to form habits that will lead on to effective living. Hence the close connection in Dewey's thought between education and democracy. Democracy is the schoolroom of mankind. It is the only social order that gives its members a chance to fashion their lives for themselves and to find their place in the scheme of things. Even religion, for Dewey, lives in practice. To be religious is to escape from littleness, to be governed by the habit of making decisions in the light of their long-range consequences to oneself and all affected by them.

It is a warming picture that Mr. Nathanson draws of Dewey's faith in the common man, the common child, and the limitless possibilities of the life that is ordered by intelligence. And it is a unified picture; for in spite of his suspicion of systems Dewey's thought is obviously itself a system, and one which springs largely from a single root. Any critic who cut that root would strike the system a fatal blow. Has this been done? I am very much afraid it has. Bertrand Russell, Arthur Lovejoy, Morris Cohen, and others have offered criticism that, at the very least, are extremely damaging. One will learn nothing of them from the present book. Mr. Nathanson would no doubt explain this by saying that he was not attempting a judicial appraisal; he was attempting, rather, an account which should be at once comprehensive and comprehensible, of a difficult but important thinker. This he has given us. But he has done more, I think. Because he writes with so full a sympathy, he has succeeded, as the technical writers on Dewey seldom have, in making clear why it is that this unassuming and homespun philosopher, for all his vast acreage of crabbed writing, has yet won so unrivaled a hold on American affection and respect.

Brand Blanshard, chairman of the department of philosophy at Yale University, is the author of "The Nature of Thought."

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Human Relations

LIVING WITHOUT HATE. By Alfred J. Marrow. New York: Harper & Bros. 269 pp. $3.50.

By Ralph Colp, Jr.

THIS BOOK offers an account of an attempt to study the causes of the increasing manifestations of prejudice toward minority groups in the United States. In 1944 the American Jewish Congress sponsored a Commission on Community Interrelations, whose purpose was to apply to this problem the latest findings in the science of psychology. Dr. Marrow served on the Commission and here presents its findings and that of its later offshoots. The studies (cross-checked to make them as valid as psychological science will permit) cover a wide range of minority problems: racial prejudice among adolescents, racial prejudice among purchasers, the ways in which members of minorities react to discrimination, etc. They all reveal a striking volume of hatreds. Typical of the findings is the story of minorities in "Northtown," an anonymous American community, especially picked as being "not notorious for minority problems." It was found that Negroes were excluded from most (95 per cent) of the residential quarters, and received lower wages (about one quarter less) than whites. Next to Negroes, Jews were most discriminated against. There was "discrimination in every area investigated. That in itself was not surprising—but the intensity of discrimination and number of areas covered was an eye-opener for most people."

This is only half the picture. The techniques used to discover the above facts, entitled the "science of human relations" and "action-research," carry a solution of the problems they pose. It works as follows: under the guidance of trained psychologists the people first are made aware that a specific prejudice exists. Once they are conscious of these conditions, Dr. Marrow is confident, under further guidance people will want to discover *why* these problems exist and will want to correct them. The active participation of all concerned is the key to the solution.

It is possible that Dr. Marrow is over-sanguine. But it must be remembered that he is not only a psychologist but a successful business man. He gives two examples of how "action-research" helped his business. He was able to disprove the erroneous concept that older women, as factory workers, are inferior to younger ones, and so was able to employ gainfully 40 per cent more older women. Secondly, he has been able to stimulate the adaptability of his workers to the changes in industrial technics so that his productivity has increased 24 per cent. One feels he has developed a procedure which should steadily gain use in American industry.

Dr. Marrow believes that prejudice is the same no matter what the prejudicial object. It seems to him that "action-research" provides a way of solving racial hates, and offers "a hope for the future because it strengthens the democratic process while furthering the common social objectives of improving man's relation to man and bringing nearer our ideal of living without hate."

We all hope that time proves Dr. Marrow right. But in the meantime hate is very much on the march. In a passing reference he alludes to the "Nazi madness," but nowhere does he mention or try to analyze why our times have seen a recrudescence of hate as severe as any ever known, which has coincided with a crisis in our civilization. As Hannah Arendt has written, "The tragedy of our time has been that only the emergence of crimes unknown in quality and proportion and not foreseen by the Ten Commandments made us realize . . . that the whole of nearly 3,000 years of Western civilization . . . with all its implied beliefs, traditions, standards of judgment, has come toppling down over our heads." Only the future will show whether the "science of human relations" can help us meet this crisis.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"As Destructive as the A-Bomb."

Ralph Colp, Jr., is a member of the staff of the Mount Sinai Hospital, New York.

"Social Contract"

MAN AND THE STATE. By Jacques Maritain. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 219 pp. $3.50.

By Albert Guerard

JACQUES MARITAIN never permits himself or his reader to forget that he is a Catholic and a Thomist. But the appeal of this book is not limited to men of his own faith. There are people who would reject with horror the proposition that two and two are four, if they heard it propounded either by a Catholic or by a Communist. Jacques Maritain is, in the proper sense of a much abused term, a born fellow traveler: he believes that men of good will can fruitfully work together, in spite of ideological differences.

This belief is based on the autonomy of the secular world: "Render unto Caesar . . ." It implies the existence of a "natural law" which, on the earthly plane, is sufficient for our guidance. If men want to do good, and if they honestly use their reason, they will agree, not merely in practical matters, but on far-reaching principles, such as the essential rights of man.

The limit between the sacred and the secular may be hard to trace. Here Maritain uses a delicate form of casuistry (again in the right sense of the term): the distinction between the *thesis,* which in the domain of the spirit is absolutely and exclusively right, and the *hypothesis,* which must take into account the historical atmosphere. He is therefore both a pilgrim of the absolute, like his master Léon Bloy, and a pluralist, a relativist, a pragmatist. Against the individualistic and the Communistic conceptions, both attached primarily to earthly goods, he advocates the "personalistic type of society," which seeks to promote the dignity of the human person. And liberty is the *sine qua non* condition of such dignity.

The state, to Maritain, is merely a special instrument of the body politic. It possesses no "sovereignty"; and in matters of the spirit, it has no jurisdiction whatever. "It is too much for the State to judge whether a political theory is heretical with regard to the democratic faith; it is enough for it to judge whether a political heretic threatens the democratic charter by

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the tangible acts he undertakes, or by receiving money from a foreign State to subsidize anti-democratic propaganda." I surmise, from this sentence and from the whole tenor of Maritain's book, that he is at heart with the dissenting judges of the Supreme Court. Yet, with the majority, he may allow the *hypothesis* of imminent danger to stifle his respect for liberty.

In this general spirit—tolerance, good will, and reason—Maritain redefines our basic political concepts: the people, the body politic, the state, the sovereign, the rights of man, the democratic charter, the relations of church and state, the problem of world government. It is a new "Social Contract," with Rousseau's ambiguities and fallacies removed. In Maritain's opinion armaments, war, the unconditional surrender of the enemy will never bring peace. Peace can be reached only through the reign of law, in which force may be an instrument but never an argument. There can be no world law, however, unless there be a world community: spirit and institutions must progress hand in hand.

I find it easy to agree with Mr. Maritain's politics—i.e., his plan of action—while questioning his ideology, by which I do not mean his religious faith. He takes it for granted that there is a human nature, and that it is the same for all. I have my doubts. If the savage, the infant, the idiot are human, the definition will have to be finely shaded; and I certainly do not accept the Rousseauistic heresy that human nature is good: *homo homini lupus* tells at least part of the truth. Man, Pascal wisely said, is no angel. The conception of "natural law" is extraordinarily confusing. "Natural law," that eighteenth-century idol, is not "the law of nature." A law of nature cannot be infringed; the "natural law" is but a counsel of perfection. To every "thou shalt," man is free to oppose his "I will not serve." It is possible to break a commandment. This "natural law" is ever in the making; it is the goal toward which we are constantly striving. There is no "letter" to such a law, as there is to the Divine Law, the written law, and the physical law: the one thing certain is the method of the quest. Seek the good (be a do-gooder, be a perfectionist), and never allow your critical sense to relax. When we sneer at the good, in the name of realism, or when we give up free inquiry and submit to enforced orthodoxy in the name of loyalty, then we are on the high road to perdition. Maritain points to the other road—the road to salvation, a road in which I would gladly follow him. In this world at any rate; in the world to come I am afraid Maritain and I may not be fellow travelers.

"Martha—who's the most unforgettable person I've ever known?"

Revolutionary Ideas

GEORGES SOREL: Prophet Without Honor. By Richard Humphrey. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 246 *pp.* $4.

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

THIS IS the first book in English on Georges Sorel, barely a name in America but well-known in Europe as a revolutionary thinker of the first order. Mr. Humphrey's study is one of intellectual exploration of the mind of the French social philosopher, which was at the same time bold and subtle, dogmatic and shifting. It was a difficult task, and the author has performed it exceedingly well. He analyzes and explains clearly and authoritatively the pattern of Sorel's ideas, their philosophic background, and their influence on the revolutionary movement in continental Europe.

Sorel achieved fame with the publication, in 1908, of his most notable book, "Reflections on Violence," which gave him the reputation of being the "theoretician" of syndicalism. In this and in other books he proclaimed a philosophy of revolution which captivated many ardent spirits in France who had become exasperated with the gradualism of democracy and were seeking a quick and direct method of establishing a Socialist order.

Sorel was not an architectural thinker like Marx. His writings reveal not a tight system of doctrines, but flashes of insight into social motivation and dissolving criticism of ideas and movements. According to Sorel, great movements in history, notably primitive Christianity and the French Revolution, were inspired by a "social myth," an ideal of perfection, based neither on the logic of reason nor on the truth of science, which created an "epic state of mind" in its adherents and caused them to undergo all manner of self-sacrifice for the sake of this ideal. That, and that alone, brought success. Likewise Socialism, in order to succeed, must be inspired by a "social myth," one distinctive of its character and its aim. Sorel assumed the role of myth-maker by creating the character of the heroic proletariat destroying the capitalist system in a great act of liberation, the "General Strike." Once the workers became in-

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spired by the myth of the General Strike the old, narrow struggle between rich and poor would be raised to the epic height of world revolution.

Only through violence, according to Sorel, could Socialism be established; violence alone made issues clear-cut, and results, decisive. In a chapter entitled Philosophy of Syndicalism Mr. Humphrey gives a masterly analysis of Sorel's conception of violence. It did not mean sporadic acts of terrorism or mass uprisings, but an "act of war" by an organized, disciplined proletariat motivated by a "will to power." Class patriotism legitimized war between classes just as national patriotism legitimized war between nations. Proletarian violence was "a very beautiful heroic thing" because it was "at the service of the primordial interests of civilization." Hence it was divested of brutality and made spiritual by the myth of the General Strike. It is important to note that Sorel was anything but a materialist. To him the conflict between labor and capital was one between opposing systems of universal values, not one between opposing economic interests.

Revolutionary violence was the gleam that Sorel followed wherever it led. First he became a Socialist because he beheld in Marxism the clear, steady flame of revolution. But Socialism to him was a point of departure as well as a point of arrival. He denounced the Socialist Party because it chose to follow democratic methods which he regarded with the deepest aversion as being false in theory and dishonest in practice. The "social poetry" of revolution would evaporate from the floor of parliament. Sorel then turned to syndicalism as the real heir of Marxism because of its ardent espousal of class war. But when the French trade unions resorted to political action he repudiated syndicalism. For a time he actually flirted with royalism and with Fascism because of their violent methods. Finally, just before he died, in 1922, Sorel became a convert to Communism, which he hailed as the "dawn of a new era."

Sorel was a political fanatic in the authentic French tradition of the *idéologue*. This apostle of violence was a man of the study not of the barricade, a quiet scholar devoted almost entirely to study and writing. He did not take an active part in any of the radical movements that he so ardently championed. His was the role of the passionate spectator, not that of the active participant.

Interest in Sorel's ideas arises from his importance as the prophet of political fanaticism which now rules one-half of the world and deeply influences the other half. And Sorel was not an isolated phenomenon in France. He came of a line of social philosophers, reactionaries as well as revolutionaries, who have exercised an intellectually sinister influence in the world of ideas. The clerical De Maistre, the proto-Fascist Proudhon, the royalist Maurras, and the syndicalist Sorel, gifted writers and original thinkers, became disseminators of ideological *fleurs du mal* which grew apace in continental Europe. Different

as they were in many ways they were all united in their common hatred of democracy and in their common hope that an "audacious minority" would establish an authoritarian regime on its ruins.

Though not an enthusiastic admirer of Sorel, Mr. Humphrey considers him a seminal thinker whose place is "beside Nietzsche and Freud as one of the great prophets of the modern age." He devotes much—over-much—space to the anti-intellectualist philosophy of Sorel and almost nothing to the historic background of his influence. The outburst of syndicalism in France during the first decade of the twentieth century came more from the condition of the working class than from revolutionary theories. The low standard of living of the French workers in their rich and fertile land infuriated them against the Third Republic, then so considerate of bourgeois interests and so neglectful of those of the masses. Democracy now gained a new and formidable enemy, this time on the left. And Sorel was its intellectual spokesman.

Until recently even educated Americans had only vague and hazy notions of the various ideologies to which Europeans are so devoted. America, now deeply engaged in the affairs of the Old World, has need of knowing the mind of the ideological Left, which has succeeded in becoming a power in almost every European country. In writing this book Mr. Humphrey has not only made a contribution to the study of intellectual history but has also rendered a public service by acquainting Americans with the ideas of one of Europe's leading revolutionary philosophers.

Mankind's Illusion

WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS. By John U. Nef. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 464 pp. $6.50.

By Jacques Maritain

IT would be fruitless to try to summarize this recent work of the chairman of the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago. One must read and meditate on the great book itself. Its power comes precisely from its extraordinary richness and from the complexity of the perspectives which are brought together. The scholar will find in it a treasure house of information to enchant his curiosity; the moralist and the political scientist, disciplined and highly unified reflections to stimulate and to inspire them.

The admirable thing about Mr. Nef's work as a teacher and writer of history is that he began by examining the history of the techniques of production, the mechanical arts, the mining and the metallurgical industries, subjects of which he became a master, and that he has retained this basic perspective. Yet he quickly saw the limitations of pure specialization, and it is by inquiring into all the lines of development in human activity—economic, political, military, artistic, philosophical, or religious—that he has since undertaken the study, at once analytic and synthetic, of the great epochs of modern civilization. Thus he returns in a way to the classical idea of history, and, with a concern for minute exactitude in "characterological" detail and precision which is peculiar to him, he can be placed in the intellectual line of Tawney and Toynbee. "War and Human Progress" is a major realization of this integral conception of history. One has a feeling of liberation in suddenly finding oneself in the presence of a history which is humanist in its very fibers, and which is therefore the most appropriate preparation for a philosophical interpretation of the course of events.

It takes great intellectual courage to attack the dark problems of war—of war in its relation to civilization, to economic development, to the progress of science and technology, to the progress or the decline of culture. This

(*Continued on page 29*)

Jacques Maritain is professor of philosophy at Princeton University. His books include "The Person and the Common Good," and "A Christian Looks at the Jewish Question."

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A Year of Books

THIS has been a disappointing year for the publishers and the writers of American fiction. There were few writers of promise discovered, while nearly all those who in their first books had established a reputation were absent or brought out inferior works. The fact is that the younger novelists have failed to see that the tide was changing and with it the mood of the public. The threat of another world war and the power of atomic weapons is as alarming as ever, but we have become adjusted to it, so that when the air-raid warnings are sounded in our cities the idlers in our streets and parks are not stirred with alarm. People no longer enjoy shuddering at ominous novels symbolic of the end of man or civilization.

Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" has left its impression on too many of our writers who are still clinging to the existentialist's mood of despair and chaos fashionable not long ago in Paris. There is nothing new in this. Twenty-five years ago Joseph Wood Krutch in "The Modern Temper" wrote that tragedy was out of date because men thought too meanly of themselves to produce a hero, and in his book "The Confident Years" Van Wyck Brooks notes that most of the stories of the Twenties were tales of disaster, futility, despair, in which every man sold out or fell defeated. "Man was never the victor; he was always defeated." He adds that after the First World War the state of mind that prevailed in New York was not unlike the prevailing mood of Paris when so many American writers fled to exile in France in disgust at the barbarity of their homeland.

But there is a profound difference in the attitude of the American people between the ten years that followed the First World War and 1951. The despair of the writers in the earlier generation was in complete contrast to the resurgence of a new hope for peace and the evidences, however false, of unlimited prosperity. Today there is little of this exuberance in the public's mind or heart, but there is a grim spirit of resistance to despair at what appears to be a most ominous future. It is an unpleasant trait of human nature to enjoy the spectacle of the misery of others when the observer himself feels secure. There is an element of fantasy in it or the sobering reflection, "There but by the grace of God go I." For the first two years after the end of the last war there was a sense of hope, which has been followed, first, by evidences of atomic hysteria and, finally, by our present determination to see it through come hell or high water.

In the process the country has charted a course that appears to the average thoughtful man to offer hard work and heavy taxes for an unknown length of time. In the present state of mind few people are likely to find relaxation or pleasant fantasy in the flood of abysmally depressing novels our writers are continuing to produce. That James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" was the year's best-selling novel does not destroy this contention, since it dealt with the peacetime American Army on a distant island and was therefore not involved with our present or future dilemmas. The state of mind and the behavior of our armed forces before Pearl Harbor has little relation to that of the men who have been fighting in Korea.

In spite of the complaints that 1951 has been a bad year for fiction it has on the whole been a good year for the publishers of non-fiction. The public has turned to non-fiction in an unprecedented way. There they could at least find the facts of life and some encouragement for its continuance. In 1951 it began to appear less likely that civilization and mankind itself should suddenly disappear in a cloud of atomic dust. There were books like Crankshaw's "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall," George Kennan's "American Diplomacy, 1900-1951," and John Fischer's "Master Plan, U. S. A." that diluted our fear of Russia and gave evidence that we had established a foreign and military policy that might avoid a world war or win it if it broke upon us. The various histories and biographies of our forces in the war revealed, unlike the war novels, that we produced first-rate fighting soldiers and sailors by the millions and some of the world's best leaders.

A number of sound books, like Archibald MacLeish's "Freedom Is the Right to Choose," so stoutly defended the liberties granted by our Constitution that it began to appear less likely that McCarthyism would triumph. There were biographies and collected letters of our statesmen and political leaders from George Washington and Jefferson to Hoover, Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, and Forrestal, whose diaries have been made into a best-selling book. Philosophy and religion were well represented. It was a memorable year for criticism, belles-lettres, and literary biography, which included Henry Seidel Canby's study of Mark Twain and Henry James, J. C. Furnas's biography of Stevenson, Hesketh Pearson's life of Disraeli, and the selected letters of Katherine Mansfield, Henry Adams, and William Cowper. Books in almost every non-fiction category found eager readers. An account of the vast deep, Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," rose to the top of the best-selling list two weeks after publication. But there were no new humorists discovered or a modern poet of any significance to a wider public than the coteries and aficionados who surround this dying art. —H. S.

Travel Award

THE editors extend congratulations to Horace Sutton, *SRL* travel editor, who recently was awarded first prize for the best magazine travel story of 1951 in the fourteenth annual competition sponsored by Trans World Airlines. The award was based on four of Mr. Sutton's *Saturday Review* articles: "400,000 Diplomats on the Loose"; "Pax, C'est Wunderbar"; and the two-part "Return to the Reich."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Shortage of Great Ideas

SIR: I read your editorial "The Incomplete Power" [*SRL* Dec. 1] with great interest, but I do believe the emphasis is somewhat lopsided.

When you refer to the Paines, Jeffersons, Popes, Voltaires, etc., you neglect to take into consideration that these men lived in times when the average man was illiterate, uneducated, and largely unaware of what transpired around him. A man of learning, culture, or education was then a rarity and held in esteem. Today, when the majority of people are sufficiently educated to read, write, and pour forth ideas, it is vastly more difficult to produce *giants*. The output of ideas therefore becomes a multicolored mosaic, rather than one finely cut stone.

Secondly, the art of contemplation and thinking essential to the birth of great ideas and great men becomes more difficult to pursue and practise because twentieth-century man, whether he likes it or not, must to some degree live in the twentieth century in order to be its spokesman or prophet. No reasonably intelligent human being could delude himself into thinking that he can grasp even part of what goes on around him today. Because of the vast amount of knowledge available to us, we become specialists of one kind or another. We have probably a larger number of capable and intelligent men today than at any time before, but it is vastly more difficult to hear them and know them in the hectic jumble of mass communication.

When you place the blame so heavily on the shoulder of the writer, you tend to overlook these factors. . . . The serious author today is in much the same category as the college professor who teaches ancient Greek or philosophy. Everyone concedes he is a most learned man, vastly underpaid. But who cares? Please bear in mind that in an age where a strip-teaser can sport a Cadillac and a movie actor earns more in a week than most authors do in a year it is high time to give the poor writer a boost instead of making life tougher for him.

I suggest a "Be Kind to Writers Week"!

ANN THOMAS.

Miami, Fla.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Oh, Jefferson is a good man—but I'm not sure I like the idea of a civilian being President."

SIR: There is something breath-taking in your indictment of modern American literature — breath-taking because it is so saturated with the very defeatism, cynicism, despair, and subjectivity which it ascribes to the writer.

There has never been a time when American literature was more vital, more passionate, intense, alert, mature, and searching than it is today—except for the time of Melville, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau. The non-fiction of 1900 to 1940 cannot compare for intensity of searching out the problems of man's social and spiritual life with the non-fiction of today—from Sandburg's books on Abraham Lincoln to Douglas's "Strange Lands and Friendly People"; "The Sea Around Us"; "The Seven Storey Mountain"; "Talks with Nehru"; "The Conduct of Life," by Lewis Mumford; "A Walker in the City"; "On Being a Negro in America," by J. Saunders Redding. We are in the midst of an enormously rich outpouring of ideas and feelings precisely on the subject of America as "much more than a nation . . . as an idea." For fiction I speak not as an American novelist but as a reader, and after all, the writer and the reader are only two sides of the same coin. Never has American fiction been so vital, so living, so engrossed with the "wholeness" of life, its calamities and failures, its endurance and courage since, I repeat, the days of Hawthorne and Melville.

The awarding or withholding of prizes has no significance for American literature except to indicate perhaps "a paralyzing disease that enfeebles any sense of obligation towards the future" on the part of the editors.

It is a mistake to speak of "solace" and distinguished fiction as if they were somehow integrated. Distinguished fiction never was and never will be a "solace"—its Socratic duty is to arouse; its democratic duty is to question; its religious duty is to embrace all of life.

In poetry it is the same—May Sarton, Peter Viereck—one could go on and on. Instead of lashing out at American writers, your job is to continue to help them. . . . Rouse yourselves out of these dismal and, happily, unrealistic complaints, for you are discrediting one of the most deeply aware and expressive periods in the history of American literature.

CORNELIA JESSEY.

Cathedral City, Calif.

SIR: Your editorial "The Incomplete Power" about the "shortage of great ideas" begs the question: What is the criterion of a great idea? How about "USA: The Permanent Revolution" or Lewis Mumford's "The Conduct of Life," to mention only two of the more significant? President Conant of Harvard holds that our social "conceptual schemes are equivalent to what the chemists and physicists were using in the late eighteenth century," but neither President Conant nor anybody else, to my knowledge, advances a yardstick with which to evaluate the validity of a "conceptual scheme."

PHILIP WEISS.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: Allow me to question your assertion that America's most critical shortage is in the realm of "great ideas." To say this is to imply that the great ideas we have inherited have been translated into conduct, individual and collective, and that we need *new* inspiring and guiding ideas. Surely, this is not the case. Lip service to great ideas is very common, here as elsewhere, but if an idea is great, it must be realized, lived up to.

Democracy is certainly a great idea. Even E. M. Forster, the skeptic and realist, is giving it two cheers. Have we established genuine democracy? Emphatically not.

The Parliament of Man, the federa-

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Trade Winds—News or Fun?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently Bennett Cerf put a question to his readers. Should* TRADE WINDS *go in more heavily for news about publisher's row, or should the department be reserved mainly for stories and witticisms. A cross-section of the replies follows below, from which it can be seen that there is a strong preponderance of votes in favor of the funny anecdotes, with an occasional leavening of book-trade reporting.*

SIR: Sometimes I feel the humor is a bit on the corny side, if you'll forgive me, but I enjoy it thoroughly anyway! I like the jokes and and anecdotes, but I also get a great deal from your tales of your cross-country jaunts, talking with booksellers, profs, etc. And the serious side is just as acceptable to this reader as the lighter moments. So please continue the mixture as before; I find it exceedingly tasty and palatable.

NAN STUART SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Many of your anecdotes have brightened my otherwise dull sermon (and with proper credit, I would have you know, sir!). For "heavens" sake don't let my parishioners down.

CYRIL K. RICHARD.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: The job of living would be insuperable if we didn't have escapes, in talk and in print, to chuckle over or laugh at. Our sense of humor is the plaster that cures or eases many a mental pain.

SAMUEL EDWARD HARRIS.

Key West, Fla.

SIR: Writers are such anonymous folks that we seldom get to know them, even by hearsay. Please continue to give us little anecdotes about the people who supply us with our reading matter. I suspect that you prefer doing these columns anyway.

MARION TOURT.

Lakewood, O.

SIR: I want you to know that I am another loyal and devoted reader of TRADE WINDS who deplores your recent trend to heavy-handed "inside" stories on the book publishing business instead of continuing to give us quips, puns, witticisms, and gags.

W. N. WILSON.

Ottawa, Ont.

SIR: Count me in as one vote AGAINST your antiquated jokes, whether or not you attribute them to some famous name or not. Don't let's dress up Joe Miller again, reconstruct the setting, and charge the quip to a famous name even if it might have happened.

T. F. TOOKER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: My preference is emphatically for the scorned witticisms and stories.

RICHARD W. BARKER, JR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: This writer, for one, echoes and endorses the remarks of the Rev. Dr. C. L. Barton, of the sovereign state of Texas, in regard to your recent remarks in TRADE WINDS. Several of my friends, together with myself, subscribed largely because of the sparkling anecdotes of TRADE WINDS. What was our surprise and chagrin to find them supplanted for over a year past with a lot of boring and dreary accounts of your chats with various booksellers and their merits. . . . Any anecdote is always new to someone who has not heard it, however old it may be. Granted that *SRL* is a highly serious publication, that in itself seems to constitute no reason for wholly abandoning the lighter side of existence. . . . Do let us have a resumption of your sparkling wit, Mr. Cerf. It is far more amusing than the bookshops of Kansas and Oklahoma.

RALPH TAWNEY.

Paris, France.

SIR: I seldom agree with a Texan, and I seldom agree with a preacher. But this time I am in favor of Rev. C. L. Barton's side of the controversy. I hope this settles the matter.

PAUL WILSON.

Painesville, O.

SIR: So you want to know whether your readers prefer a straight diet of funny anecdotes or inside stuff on the publishing world?

After ten years as a columnist—and one to whom many of us turn first when *The Saturday Review* lands in our mailboxes—you should know that we like you as you is. Please stick to your casserole style.

LAURA RETTING WHITE.

Lakeland, Fla.

tion of the world, is a great and inspiring idea. We are, it is true, timidly and cautiously taking steps in that direction—the United Nations, after all, is a promising beginning. But many men of good will and forward-looking ideas are unfairly and erroneously lambasting the United Nations for alleged faults and defects which it has because of the attitude of several big powers, including ourselves, the authors of the compromises in the charter of the world organization.

Equality of opportunity is a great idea, and this remains an aspiration, a dream. The equitable distribution of the products of industry under some form of collectivism is an ideal, and nowhere has it been attained, though Britain has taken a very long and brave step toward it—with what result, pray?

A government of and by the people is a great idea. Have we such a government?

Mutual tolerance and mutual respect is a great idea. There is much work to be done in behalf of it, and that would keep us quite busy.

We need realism, sobriety, honesty in our treatment of great and near-great ideas. To ask too much is to receive little or nothing. We need sound, vital ethical ideas we can and intend to live up to, not ideas that are alien to the human nature at its best. There is too much mush and cant in our pseudo-religions. Get rid of these ingredients and work earnestly for the rest. This, too, is a great idea.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

"News from Nowhere"

SIR: Russell F. Anderson complains ["News from Nowhere," *SRL* Nov. 17] that news services do not have a correspondent or maintain a bureau in practically every city in the world. His idea, it seems, is to have a correspondent in locations where situations are developing or might develop. This would not seem to be practical for the news services to do, any more than it would be practical for the *Beacon* to maintain a full-time correspondent in every city and town in the State of Kansas. He is right when he says that the number of foreign correspondents has fallen from 2,700 five years ago to fewer than 300 today. But at the same time, it seems that the quality of news from these 300 is better. Also, most foreign news must carry a portion of speculation, and there is a good chance that each correspondent might get a different idea from a single foreign story.

The main thing now is to get the news, and carry the facts objectively. Anderson gets at the bottom of the problem when he points out that the most important reason for less foreign coverage is the increase in all phases of publishing costs. Anderson points out that he is not trying to determine whether foreign coverage is competent, but whether it is adequate. Actually the only adequate foreign coverage would be to have correspondents in every city of any consequence throughout the world today.

LOUIS LEVAND,
Publisher,
The Wichita Beacon.

Wichita, Kan.

SIR: I would like to add a word of concurrence to Russell F. Anderson's superb criticism in analyzing American journalism's vanishing foreign correspondent. I worked in Seoul, Korea, in 1948, when most Americans could not have found the place on a map, with only four American newsmen and a Reuters correspondent. . . . Even had those five possessed the competence and initiative (and freedom from U. S. Army censorship) to send home an account of actual conditions in Korea, where would they have

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found an audience among either newspaper readers or editors for the unpleasant truths involved?

Who would have believed that the Communists were strong enough to resist, even in the military sense, the combined power of the United Nations? Who listened when conservative Koreans like Kim Koo and Kimm Kiu Sic, both dead now, pleaded with the U.N. Committee on Korea not to allow division of their country into separate governments?

It is perhaps fitting but sad indeed, now that the damage is done, that Korea is being covered by more than 150 American foreign correspondents, while U.N. truce-makers pursue conciliatory goals similar to those that Kim Koo and Kim Kiu Sic proposed long before the holocaust began.

J. P. BRINTON III.

New York, N. Y.

Recipe for Co-existence

SIR: I have received a letter from Henry Pratt Fairchild, secretary of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, asking me for a statement on "the possibility and desirability of peaceful co-existence between the United States and the Soviet Union, despite the differences in their social systems."

It is easy to answer this. All that is necessary is for the Soviet Union to abandon the program of falsehood and aggression which it has been practising since the days of its pact with Hitler; to release those Central European peoples which it now holds in servitude; and to recall those puppets which it has armed and sent to war in Korea. It is just as simple as that; for assuredly the American people want no war and the United Nations want no war and have no thought but to stop Soviet imperialism before it takes the rest of Europe and Asia. Any further discussion of the matter by Americans is waste of time and by the Communists is camouflage.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

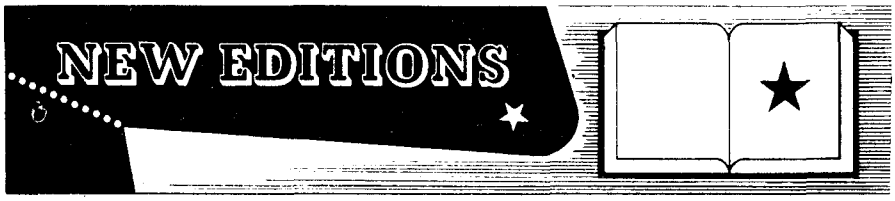
Corona, Calif.

Triple Robbery

SIR: In reply to E. M. Wilder's letter regarding Napoleon, Moscow, and St. Petersburg [*SRL* Dec. 1]—it is an editor of the *SRL*, not I, who should be rapped over the knuckles. Of John Quincy Adams, I wrote: "He watched Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and his ruinous retreat, from St. Petersburg." In other words, I was not suggesting that Napoleon ever saw Petersburg, but simply saying that it was from Petersburg that Adams watched Napoleon's advance and retreat. But someone who handled my copy robbed me of both my commas, and consequently robbed me of my sense—not to mention a tiny fraction of reputation.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.



OF ALL the numberless treatises that have been written on the art of writing none has been more influential, more ardently studied, more openly quoted and surreptitiously plundered, more revered, or more misinterpreted, than Aristotle's "Poetics." And when many of us today think of this truly immortal work we think of the volume in which we first encountered and have ever since cherished it—S. H. Butcher's "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art, with a Critical Text and Translation of the Poetics." So it is a pleasure to report that a reproduction of the fourth edition of Butcher's Greek text, English translation, and interpretative essay, is being kept in print by Dover Publications, a publishing house dedicated to the proposition that small editions of important books are not only possible but even profitable. Reasonably priced ($4.50), this reprint has a new introduction by John Gassner, in which the critic explores the possibilities of mediation between Aristotle's ideas and the practices of present-day writers; emphasizes the breadth of Aristotle's thinking, as opposed to "the tendency to seize upon one of his ideas and erect it into a taboo or a prescription"; and warns the reader that the "Poetics" is a book through which one should move warily. The warning is certainly justified by the controversies of which this fragmentary work is the enduring source; but it is fair to say, I think, that one can move through the "Poetics" more sure-footedly with Butcher than with any other single guide.

When Aristotle sought to discover the principles of poetic composition he had a knowable body of material on which to concentrate his intelligence. When he sought to discover and define the nature of the soul, or the first principle of life itself, his universal genius reached out to grasp life's ultimate mystery. The philosophical text that resulted from this attempt—familiarly known to us under its Latin title, *De Anima*—engaged, many centuries later, the best efforts of another mighty mind, Aquinas's. Now, for the first time in English, we may read together "Aristotle's *De Anima* and the Commentary of St. Thomas Aquinas" (Yale University Press, $6.50), in translations newly made by two learned Dominicans, Kenelm Foster and Sylvester Humphries. To do so, to shuttle back and forth between Aristotle's arguments and Aquinas's anti-Averroist interpretations, is to test one's own intellectual range and subtlety.

Elmer Edgar Stoll's "Art and Artifice in Shakespeare," first published in 1933, now reprinted by Barnes & Noble ($3.50), is the work of a critic thoroughly grounded in the "Poetics," and one who cannot repeat too often Longinus's dictum that "the effect of genius is not to persuade [or convince] an audience but rather to transport them out of themselves." In dealing with the dramatic art that surmounted the "improbabilities" of "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Lear" Mr. Stoll is as pragmatic, as unromantic in his approach as was Aristotle in his dealings with Greek tragedy. Insisting that Shakespeare's prime concern was with dramatic "illusion" and giving full credit to the "credibilizing" power of great poetry, he has no use for critics who would treat Shakespeare's dramas as psychological documents rather than as plays written to transport audiences. The Stoll syntax is often contorted, sometimes difficult; but he is a muscular critical thinker, whose thought is free of any restraints save those imposed by himself.

John Maynard Keynes's famous, difficult "A Treatise on Money" has been reissued by Macmillan (2 vols., $10). In these volumes the economist, who departed from orthodoxy under the influence of Lloyd George and who sold FDR on the beauties of deficit financing, worked his way from a foundation of theory to the firm advocacy of a supernational managed currency. The first two volumes of "The Works and Correspondence of David Ricardo," edited by Piero Sraffa with the collaboration of M. H. Dobb, are available (Cambridge, $4.75 each). These give us Ricardo's masterwork, "On the Principles of Political Economy," and his "Notes on Malthus's Principles of Political Economy," printed in conjunction with Malthus's text. They also give evidence that careful scholarship will do full justice to an economist who has often been attacked as the spokesman of illiberal, doctrinaire capitalism. Norman Crump's "The ABC of the Foreign Exchanges" (Macmillan, $2.50) is sound and clear.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

SUCCESS STORY

"I AM the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." We all know Henley's lines. Their assurance thunders in our ears. They restore importance, dignity, and independence to the individual. They say what we would like and need to believe. They tell us we are doomed only if we doom ourselves. Since they put each man's destiny under his own control, naturally we find comfort in their confidence. But, as "Point of No Return"* makes clear, though we may be captains of our souls we are not necessarily masters of our fates. At least we are not on those lower echelons of daily living which yield us bread and bring promotions.

No one who has to have his boss for dinner is completely free. No one whose hopes for a raise in salary and position depend upon the whims of those above him is a true master of his fate. The bent will like the bent back is a form of slavery. Few worshipers of "the bitch-goddess, Success," will admit this openly. To do so would be unwise, and doing so would not get anyone anywhere. The realists recognize that life is like that and accept it on its own terms. They grin and bear the fact that apple-polishing is as much in order in the office as it was in the schoolroom. They know that, to conquer, a little stooping has to be done and a lot of "yes, sirs" have to be said regardless of the "no, sirs" that may be thought.

Yet even the young hopefuls and their wives, who pretend not to mind the kowtowing which oils the way to fatter salaries, doubtless have their private moments of revolt. The boredom and the bowing, to which they have no other choice than to submit if they want one day to bore and to be bowed to themselves, must have taught them the poignant truth so agreeably stated in Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Marquand's novel. This is that the man who climbs assumes the same position as the man who crawls.

The climbing or the crawling described with such warmth and insight in "Point of No Return" is twofold. For the play, like the book, is concerned with scaling the ladder not only in New York but also in a small caste-bound New England town. This is why few husbands and few wives, young or old, can sit before the play without finding a part of themselves in it; without having a memory stirred, an experience relived, or an emotion completely shared. It is a sort of "Everyman" about white-collardom, the story of all properly ambitious young men who, in the stock phrase, seek to forge ahead or dream of becoming an officer in their company.

The full richness of Mr. Marquand's novel is lacking. Considering the book's length and variety of incident, this was bound to be. What I was unprepared for, however, is how much of the tone, narrative, atmosphere, and feeling of the original Mr. Osborn has managed to squeeze into his dramatization.

The last book by Mr. Marquand to reach the stage was "The Late George Apley" as adapted by George S. Kaufman. The result was a very entertaining evening which, though good theatre, was indifferent Marquand. Certain clear-cut differences in temperament and endowment seemed to separate Mr. Marquand and Mr. Kaufman. Gifted as they both are as writers, the one as a satirist, the other as a wisecracker, Mr. Marquand was so much the spokesman of Boston and Mr. Kaufman of Broadway that, as I tried to point out, only the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad connected the two men.

MR. OSBORN comes much closer to sharing Mr. Marquand's point of view and touch. Remembering such of his own comedies as "The Vinegar Tree," "Oliver Oliver," and "Morning's at Seven," and such of his previous dramatizations as "On Borrowed Time" and "A Bell for Adano," this is not surprising. In addition to being a proven craftsman, Mr. Osborn is a highly sensitive and subtle observer. Where Mr. Kaufman is a brilliant gagster and Times Square sophisticate, Mr. Osborn is a dramatist capable of tenderness no less than wit. In Mr. Marquand's fashion he is unfrightened by emotion. He appreciates good writing for good writing's sake and is able to translate it into theatrical terms so that its literary values are suggested.

The play he has derived from Mr. Marquand's book is certainly no masterpiece. It has its moments in the second act during its flashbacks to a

Henry Fonda and Leora Dana—"welcome because of its humor and humanity."

POINT OF NO RETURN, a new play by Paul Osborn, based on John P. Marquand's novel. Directed by H. C. Potter. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes designed by Main Bocher, assisted by Frank Spencer. Presented by Leland Hayward. With a cast including Henry Fonda, John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Colin Keith-Johnston, Robert Ross, Bartlett Robinson, Patricia Smith, Phil Arthur, etc. At the Alvin Theatre, New York City. Opened December 13, 1951.

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

DORIS DAY · DANNY THOMAS
FRANK LOVEJOY · PATRICE WYMORE

"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS"
with JAMES GLEASON
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
A Warner Bros. Picture

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"THE NATIVITY"—Joyous Yuletide pageant . . . and
"OPEN HOUSE"—Produced by Leonidoff . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!" —Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
JAMES BARTON in PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR
Scenery OLIVER SMITH
Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark
Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"The stage, thank heaven, is alive again!" —WATTS, Post

I am a Camera
a new play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
adapted from the stories of CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
with JULIE HARRIS · WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE Theatre, B'way at 40th St., N. Y. 18
Evenings at 8:40 ~ Matinees WED. and SAT.

New England town which must mean more to those who have read the novel than to those who have not. Its final scene, too, when the young couple entertains the president of the bank and his wife instead of going to their house for dinner, is not all it should be. It is awkward in its reliance on telephone calls and unconvincing in its attempt to prove that its central character has preserved his independence by refusing to follow the bank president's advice and join a certain country club.

Even so, "Point of No Return" is a more than competent job. In terms of the social strata classified in it by one of its own characters, an anthropologist, it may be "middle upper-class" rather than "upper upper-class," as Walter Kerr, the excellent new critic of the *Herald Tribune*, has pointed out. But "middle upper-class," so far as new plays go this season, is a very high high, and in any year "Point of No Return" would be a contribution welcome because of its humor and humanity.

IT IS distinguished throughout by the kind of professionalism which restores one's faith in the theatre. This professionalism is as apparent in the writing as it is in the settings, the direction, and the playing. "Point of No Return" includes five first-rate performances. Most prominent among these is, of course, Henry Fonda's ambitious young banker. Once again, as in "Mister Roberts," Mr. Fonda manages to be charming and effective without seeming to act at all. Leora Dana is also wonderfully simple and believable as his realistic young wife. John Cromwell, all too long in Hollywood, is responsible as Mr. Fonda's father for the kind of characterization as shrewdly and quietly established as the one he gave years ago in "Lucky Sam McCarver." Few character parts of recent seasons have been projected with greater vividness or skill than Robert Ross shows as the anthropologist. And Frank Conroy as the bank president is, as always, an adroit and authoritative player.

One important point the play misses, rewarding as it is and popular as it is certain to prove. This is the ironic swiftness with which, in Mr. Marquand's concluding pages, the young husband and wife, who have hoped for promotion, become accustomed to their new position once they have learned he is to be a vice president of the bank. Promotion, Mr. Marquand reminds us, is no guarantee of freedom. New responsibilities invite a new form of captivity. Even the vice presidents of banks are not masters of their fates. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 ST.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

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Presented in association with LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
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ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
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South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEATRE, WEST 44 ST
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BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
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Hilarious Musical Revue
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Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

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SRL Goes to the Movies

WHEN THE MGMOUNTAIN LABORED

BY M-G-M (or, as the ads say "Quolossal") standards "It's a Big Country" is a modest picture. It has eight episodes, seven directors, eight stars of the first magnitude, and the concept holding all these together. comes from Dore Schary, head man of the studio; it ranges in technique from documentary to old Mack Sennett-Keystone comedy. But it is modest, beginning with the title.

And disarming. The foreword is: "This is a 'message' picture. The message is (Pause) 'Hooray for America!' "

The prelude is even better. In a conversation with a club-car pest who is sounding off about America, William Powell drily asks, "Which America?" and in two minutes of high comedy renders his adversary groggy and glassy-eyed with a witty catalogue of the social, political, economic, international, first-generation, and tenth-generation Americas that make up America.

Which of these Americas does the picture choose to show?

The America in which Mrs. Brian Riordan, tactfuly and beautifully rendered by Ethel Barrymore, finds herself uncounted by the census. She tells her story to the editor of a Boston paper, who promptly sends a reporter to impersonate a census-taker and get a Sunday feature; abashed when this imposture is discovered, the editor shakes the entire bureaucracy of Washington and gets Mrs. Riordan properly counted.

The America in which S. Z. Sakall carries on a 500-year feud he says exists between Hungarians and Greeks—and finds all his daughters in love with Greeks; he comes out of his sulks when Gene Kelly, as Icarus Xenophon, shows him that the coffee offered as a good-will token is "Washington Post Coffee."

—From "It's a Big Country."
". . . putting ideas into our heads."

The America in which Negroes graduate from Annapolis, become baseball stars, concert singers, Nobel prize winners.

The America in which an American boy comes to see the mother of a buddy killed in Korea. As she hears the syllables of his name, Marjorie Main composes her lips into a magnificent thin line of bigotry. "He never mentioned anyone named Maxie, Mr. Klein," she says. But Maxie was known as Jo-jo, and after he reads her the last letter he got from her son, a letter explicit in devotion to human brotherhood, Maxie is asked to return.

And three other Americas: in one Gary Cooper boasts about Texas by pretending not to; in the second Van Johnson is a minister who preaches at the President instead of to the congregation; in the third Fredric March, as an Italian-born self-made man, comes to terms with modern science represented (a most rare occasion) by a pretty and intelligent schoolteacher.

More than the plots themselves, the handling gives this picture the fairy-tale quality that is at once its charm and its fatal weakness. Love at first sight in the Hungarian-Greek episode is both stylized and satirized, and there is a wild careening ride in a truck thrown in for irrelevant fun; the bureaucrats of the census bureau are all men saying "Sorry" into a telephone. Fredric March is an ogre with a heart of gold.

And why not? Does the picture pretend to be anything more than a fairy tale in which a wave of the magic wand brings Romeo and Juliet together in a candy store instead of a tomb?

I am not sure. In spite of all the modesty and the disclaimers I suspect that the producers thought they were presenting an important picture and may not know how they were trapped into making a trivial one.

They were trapped by the laws of the movie-myth, which are inexorable. In the Maxie Klein episode they escaped with admirable taste, facing their issue. But if a brand-name is going to be the *deus ex machina* in a racial feud, the old Hungarian must be a lovable fool, the feud itself unreal; and the prejudices of your other immigrant must be soft to be so promptly dissolved.

The fatality comes when you touch a story not in the fairy-tales. You have no magic wand for the Negro in America. To be sure, someone must be there for Sugar Ray Robinson to maul about, and at a testimonial to Ralph Bunche Mrs. Roosevelt is visible at the speakers' table; but apart from this you fall back on a news-reel of Negro achievement, the Negro isolated from his fellow-citizens, Negro cadets, Negro women in uniform, distinguished and honored—and utterly segregated.

Perhaps it took courage to put this segment in at all. Dore Schary had courage enough to produce "Crossfire," which segregated nobody.

So in spite of what the picture pretends to be you feel that if sweetness and happiness and health are essential America (and, among other things, they are) any picture about them must have a meaning; you cannot put all those images before our eyes without putting ideas into our heads. And the first idea we get is that America is *indeed a big country—and you cannot* reduce even a fragment of it to the dimensions of a fairy-tale.

—GILBERT SELDES.

SRL Recommends

Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SRL* Dec. 29.)

Death of a Salesman: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SRL* Dec. 22.)

Miracle at Milan: Vittoria de Sica's Hooverville, Italy (or world), with realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. (*SRL* Dec. 15.)

The Big Night: The tragic coming-of-age of an adolescent boy among people knocked down and run over by urban life. Brilliantly directed and played. (*SRL* Dec. 8.)

A Christmas Carol: With the most wonderful Scrooge of all—Alastair Sim. (*SRL* Dec. 1.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

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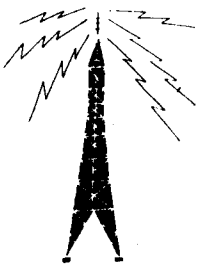
TV and Radio

TO AIR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE DIVINE



AS television draws to the close of another fiasco year, this might be the time to pause and ask a question. "What is television giving me?" And "What have I done to deserve this?"

Not that I haven't had my money's worth out of my set. Sports alone have more than made it a sound investment. Anything else I've seen on my screen has been a bonus. Or a penalty. Depending on a point of viewing, of course. Let's examine some of the bonuses and penalties of the year 1951.

COMEDY: This was a standoff. We finally lost Dagmar, but somebody slipped us Pinky Lee. We were unfortunate to lose half the Kukla, Fran, and Ollie program, but they evened that up by promising they would cut the James Melton show to a half hour. The bouncy Red Skelton came up late with a well prepared half hour that plays excellently. But the wonderfully amusing Herb Shriner came up with a well thought out half hour that didn't quite make it. Those fancy, high priced, hour comedy extravaganzas were no better and only slightly worse than last year. Jack Benny proved he didn't have to prove his ability as a great comedian. And Bob Hope proved the smartest of the lot by washing his hands of the whole medium.

MYSTERY: These are just plain murder.

NEWS, CURRENT EVENTS: Edward R. Murrow slipped in a first-rate television show while nobody at the network was looking. It's called "See It Now." And it's so good that CBS has programed it in that lush Sunday afternoon lineup. Also on Sunday afternoons is another fine show, "Meet the Press." The cream of the crop, those two. That's those two—not "Those Two."

DRAMA: "Studio One," "Schlitz Playhouse," and an occasional "Philco Theatre" (alternating with "Goodyear Theatre") come to mind. As a matter of fact an unusual dramatic offering is the exception rather than the rule on television, what with the little time allotted for preparation and the expensive camera rehearsals. If they tell their stories and the actors are reasonably familiar with their lines they are, for the most part, considered triumphs. The grind of week after week permits little experimentation.

SPORTS: Here is the department in which television, without benefit of script, plays an entertaining part in the lives of set owners. Boxing, baseball, football, hockey, Roller Derby, all these make for an entertaining afternoon or evening of television. My set hasn't been fixed for basketball.

QUIZ OR PANEL SHOWS: Two gentlemen by the names of Bill Todman and Mark Goodson, the Duncan and Fyfe of television, have the corner on the table-and-chair racket. Given three or four chairs, a table, and a blackboard these boys can come up with some of the most exciting games you ever heard of. Their newest item is called "The Name's the Same." An ordinary citizen with a name the same as a celebrity appears on the program, and his name is written on a blackboard for the viewer at home. Then the panel of three gets ten questions each to guess the name of the celebrity. Somewhere among this hijinx a celebrity appears, and he has a secret desire to be another celebrity rather than the celebrity he is. This secret name is also flashed on a blackboard, and the panel has to guess who he would rather be than he is. These are the two boys who also have a program called "What's My Line?" in which the chairs at the table try to guess the business the guest is in. Also on this program a celebrity appears, writes his name on a blackboard, and the guests are blindfolded, and they try to guess the line the celebrity is in. Well, I'll tell you!

Far out in front of all the quiz shows, of course, is still the one and brilliant Groucho Marx. Another one that holds some fascination for me is "Twenty Questions." This is a five-chair operation; obviously not a property of Todman and Goodson.

There are, of course, other shows on television which I have not included. I may have overlooked some good ones. Somehow good television doesn't stick with you like a good movie, for instance. There is so much on TV. Doubtless that is the core of the trouble. Like the traffic in New York there is just too much of it. And I feel certain once the television problem is solved the traffic problem in New York will also be solved. They're intertwined. Too many people are being driven out of their homes and into the streets.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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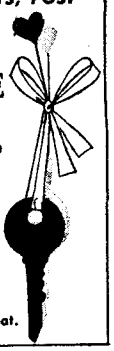

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 15*)

hard bargainer he has always had the reputation of being; but it is also plain that the habitual firmness of his stand is based upon an exact sense of justice. He is determined to have his due, but he is equally determined that publisher and public shall have theirs. Time and again he makes the frank avowal, so shocking to the first readers of his "Autobiography," that he—no less than a lawyer, a publisher, or any other professional man—expects to be fairly paid for his professional labors. But his stand is not that of a cynical mercenary. There is little doubt, as he confessed to his brother-in-law, that he would go on writing novels even if he were not paid for them, rather than not write them at all.

Displaying a profound respect for the profession of authorship, he shows hardly less respect and liking for the civil service in which he toiled as a postal official so long and so successfully. Beginners in either of his vocations are sure of his friendly, patient encouragement, even after he has learned that it is usually a thankless task to tell an aspiring writer what he should know for his own good. As an editor he is able to recognize quickly the worth of talents as different from his own as those of Austen Dobson. His letters are not bookish, but a few literary judgments are scattered through his correspondence. Reading Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets," he decides that their "grain of sense is smothered up in a sack of the sheerest trash." His admiration for George Eliot is great, and only "Daniel Deronda" disappoints him. He makes the prediction that "Scott will be known to the world by his novels and not by his poetry."

Some readers may be surprised to see him so often called upon to defend his fiction against charge of indecency, while those who have been misled into thinking him an indifferent husband will have to change their minds when they read his letters to his wife, for, despite their superficial decorum, they are the letters of a husband who remained a fond lover. And it is a father no less fond who buys his son a partnership in Chapman & Hall for ten thousand pounds. That he is also a stout friend and an outspoken one is plain.

Trollopians will be glad to hear what he has to say about international copyright, the seniority system of promotion in the civil service, the possibility of house-to-house postal delivery, and the desirability of letter boxes. They will prize glimpses of his extensive travels, and wish for more. They will note his words to Kate Field regarding George Eliot—"But in truth she was one whose private life should be left in privacy—as may be said of all who have achieved fame by literary merits"—and they will put down his letters convinced that Anthony Trollope can never have anything to fear from any invasion of his privacy.

Belles-Lettres Notes

TROLLOPE'S AMERICA and THE LAWYERS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Willard Thorp and Henry S. Drinker. The Grolier Club, New York. $2. Unlike his mother who scandalized overly sensitive Americans in 1832 with her jaundiced view of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," Anthony Trollope some thirty years later took a long, hard look at the American scene and delivered balanced judgment, shaded by his characteristically solemn humor, as can be gathered from a sampling of his "North America" and "Autobiography." Willard Thorp, in one of the addresses presented to the members of the Grolier Club, discusses Trollope's views of America and his adoption of American characters in his fiction. Mr. Thorp invited his hearers, and now his readers, to look at Trollope's ambitious itinerary which took him past Illinois to the middle frontier, investigating education and politics at first hand. Taking statistical count, Mr. Thorp observes that American characters find a place in the numerous short stories, receive impressive attention in eight novels, and altogether add up to thirty-nine fictional characters who parade favorably in Trollope's settings.

In a second address, "The Lawyers of Anthony Trollope," Henry S. Drinker, a lawyer himself, briefly traces Trollope's treatment of lawyers in his fiction. Understandably it is an extreme source of gratification to Mr. Drinker that Trollope's once embittered view of lawyers gradually changed to "one of admiration and genuine understanding of what constitutes greatness in lawyers, and of the real basis of legal philosophy." Both of the companion addresses are of interest to Trollope devotees and should prove informative to the Trollope bystander.

LETTERS OF EDGAR WILSON NYE. Edited by Nixon Orwin Rush. University of Wyoming Library, Laramie. $2.50. One of America's best humorists, Edgar Wilson Nye, well-known in the latter half of the last century as Bill Nye, described himself as "a thoughtful, scholarly, and choice fragment of modern architecture with lines of care about the firmly chiseled mouth." Nye's particular forte was the stretching of cliches like those in the self-description into humorous shapes, making himself the sympathetic butt of his natural wit. Nye tried his hand at criminal law but, as he said, "my client got into the penitentiary, where he was of no use to me financially or politically." Deciding to give *his* hand in marriage, Nye commented, "Concluding that I had more poverty than one person was entitled to, I made up my mind to endow some deserving young woman with a part of it." It was Nyeisms of this kind combined with a nonchalant but biting essay style which rocketed his letters to syndicated fame and fortune in newspapers across the country; his books "Bill Nye and Boomerang" (Boomerang being Nye's pet name for his mule, "half-hoss, half-jackass," because no one ever knew when he was going to strike), "Baled Hay, a Drier Book than Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,'" "Bill Nye's History of the United States"—all had their enthusiastic followers.

The University of Wyoming Library has collected a great deal of Nye material and the thirty-three letters printed in this booklet have been previously unpublished. Fortunately only 200 copies of this booklet are extant, so that Nye's reputation as humorist is likely to be unaffected by these inconsequential letters which bear no resemblance to his pungent, syndicated epistles. If one wishes to read Nye letters, there is a mine of them in "Bill Nye: His Own Life Story." —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

BOLT

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IDEAS & STUDIES

(*Continued from page 19*)

book is tragic, as much through the illusions of which it reminds us as through the *invidiosi veri* which it brings to light.

At the end of its analyses we contemplate the collapse of the dreams on which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were nourished, and which expected an era of perpetual peace from the development of science and technology, from the conquest of nature, and from a self-styled automatic progress which would reveal the goodness of human nature.

In the profound words of John Nef, the great illusion which has reigned for several generations is that "mankind would become more 'Christian' in conduct if it ceased to be Christian in belief." One of the effects of the Industrial Revolution, he remarks, has been to spread a conviction, with which the schools and universities were imbued at the beginning of this century, that in the wake of the glorious change which broke the modern world's ties with the past, we could "afford to trust the future of philosophical truth, morality, and beauty to the material progress which increasing industrialization has set in motion." The tragic drama of Mr. Nef's entire book is that it reveals the false nature of this illusion. The great theme which dominates the whole work is that of "the utility of the useless," of the priority—essential for peace among men and for civilized life—of wisdom and beauty over the development of industrial technique and the conquest of material goods, the pursuit of which, however normal in itself, can lead to happiness only when the progress of industrial technique and of production is subordinated to the common good and to ends that are truly human.

Ideas & Studies Notes

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: A Vindication. By George Seaver. The Beacon Press. $2. For reasons not entirely clear John Middleton Murry, in 1948, published a book entitled "The Challenge of Schweitzer." This book was more than an exercise in literary criticism, for Albert Schweitzer is not, strictly speaking, a man of letters. He is, as everyone knows by now, a philosopher, theologian, musician, medical doctor, and, for many years, a resident of Lambaréné, in Africa, where he operates a hospital in the

—*Charles R. Joy.*

Albert Schweitzer—"reverence for life."

jungle. Everyone knows too that to many of his admirers he is looked upon as the greatest man of the century, the saint of our era. It is this view of Schweitzer which Murry questioned in his book, and it is this view which Seaver defends in his.

It would be fruitless to list here Murry's charges against the doctor, except perhaps to say that they range from a criticism of the "reverence for life" principle which is central in his philosophy to the assertion that he is a "mystic *manqué*." Mr. Seaver is exceedingly annoyed by these charges, and after answering them one by one and chapter by chapter he concludes that Mr. Murry, in this sphere at least, is afflicted with a total incompetence. Much of the controversy revolves around questions of textual interpretation, and the book as a whole, like Murry's earlier one, is only for Schweitzer specialists. The bewildered reviewer wonders only what Schweitzer himself would think of this petty clash of charge and counter-charge.

—Robert Bierstedt.

THE POLITICAL CONCEPTS OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Maurice Boucher. Translated by Marcel Honoré. Exposition Press, New York. $4. "When I stood for the first time before Richard Wagner's grave," Hitler once said, "my heart swelled with pride. . . ." Scholars have long since discussed the political ideas of the musician, not always perhaps with complete fairness to him. Professor Boucher's excellent and longer study is now rendered into a generally good translation, suffering, however, from the fact that it retains a peculiarly Gallic sentence structure and seems rather repetitious.

All the vague, dreamy, heteroclite quality of Wagner's thought is clearly revealed in this examination of the man who sought "a social state where each will be free to develop his gifts," who hated militarism, the Jews, later Bismarckian Germany, materialism, and the tyrannies of the state and public opinion.

As Boucher makes plain, he was "a personality more than a philosopher," only superficially capable of being linked to National Socialism, yet wedded to both nationalism and Socialism. Certainly he was a contradictory political reactionary, cosmopolitan yet parochial, a poet with a double standard who awakened dangerous and barbaric ideas. To the decadent, disordered civilization which was France, his ideal Germany would bring peace, integration, and harmony. But that the attempt should be made by blood and iron was not perhaps within the calculation of a romantic mythologist. Unfortunately for Wagner, others chose to think it was.

—John C. Cairns.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD? By J. P. Arendzen. Sheed & Ward. $3.50. It is a somber question that Dr. Arendzen asks in his title. He answers it seriously but not somberly, presenting Catholic doctrine on the life hereafter in concrete terms of man's relation to God's love and not in eschatological abstractions. Dr. Arendzen, a scholarly clergyman long active in Catholic circles in England, is a leader in the movement to make dogma clear to laymen.

Even though these explanations are meant for the laity, there are clergymen who could profit by their lucid and constructive approach. The reviewer can recall many a sermon that would have been improved by whetting the blade of dogma against the stone of Dr. Arendzen's sane and intelligent viewpoint. He builds his arguments on the premise of God's magnificence and man's essential nobility. He considers Heaven from the psychological and spiritual planes, stressing its "never-ending freshness" and the perpetual Whitsuntide of "joy, power and understanding." His illuminating discussions of Hell and Purgatory appeal both to logic and the average sense of justice.

Among the subjects which Dr. Arendzen makes especially interesting are the Old Testament view of the afterworld; the two controversial figures of Scripture, Enoch and Elias; the belief in rebirth; apparitions of the dead. In treating the latter topic he brings out the important distinction between accredited apparitions of various types and those that are said to be present at spiritistic seances. Discarnate intelligences, apparently, may account for 5 per cent or less of the "spirits" summoned at seances; the rest are fraudulent.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

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BLIND WORDS IN RUSSIA

(Continued from page 9)

ject service of the state words undergo distortion and with them the personalities of men, basic theories, and fundamental moral values. Nothing is sacred where words are profaned.

Words are the blind oxen of Soviet politics. They are used to plow under men's brains.

A PETTY dictator would be satisfied with his own freedom to lie. But Stalin is no petty dictator. He realizes that his freedom to lie would be imperiled if anybody told the truth.

The system of conscious misstatement has a long history in the Soviet Union. It does not arise from divergent interpretations of words like democracy, freedom, and peace. It arises from the enslavement of words.

The meaning of words changes with time and space, and this may create a tolerance for the national abuse of such a word as "democracy." But when Trotzky disappears from Soviet history books, except as a Fascist spy, and Stalin emerges as Lenin's most intimate collaborator that is not a justifiable re-interpretation of terms; it is simply a lie. Articles in the "Great Soviet Encyclopedia" about closed episodes like the Brest Litovsk Conference of 1917-18 have been rewritten in accordance with the activities of the NKVD's chief executioner; a hero in one edition becomes a villain after he has been purged. Where men can be imprisoned without cause or crime, why expect the dictator to respect a little thing like a word or a fact? Stalin's photographs are touched up to remove pockmarks and wrinkles. This is "Socialist Realism"; the Great Red Father of his people must be handsome. Even so did the French painters who came to St. Petersburg have instructions to make the Czarinas look beautiful.

The state monopoly of word trade eliminates good literature, free discussion, and friendship; it therefore hampers moderation, accommodation, and compromise. It puts a premium on extremism and coercion. Words are life's buffers. But a regime minus words must resort to the NKVD's revolver as the ultimate arbiter.

Freedom of the word fosters the intellect. Under it inquiry flourishes, doubts sprout, dissidence is inevitable. What then would happen to the monolithic state and to the infallibility of the dictator? The Kremlin's substitutes are unquestioned dogma and undisputed police power. Demagogy and force are twins. One is violence against the mind, the other against the body.

Stalin is a master of dosage, a genius of the political instalment plan. He never does in one process what he can do in ten. His robbery of the Soviet nation's freedom was gradual; its steps can be traced. As his hand grew heavier in the land, conversation went underground. Russians continue to talk but when they want to say something of importance to one another they do it in great secrecy in a place where no ear or microphone is likely to catch the air waves they induce. Conversation or communication constitutes the basis of a friendship, and friendship is a rare article in Communist Russia because few persons trust their words to the keeping of their fellows. The political police has ways of unlocking the strong boxes where men store confidences. The same difficulty robs family life of some of its intimacy.

Self-preservation is the most highly developed trait of the new Soviet man; it has stimulated the evolution of two sets of words. One is for himself and perhaps for one or two others, the second is for public consumption. To insure safety he talks like a *Pravda* editorial or a November 7 manifesto; indeed, he does not talk, he declaims with emphasis and perspiration. Russia is the home of double-talk. This is the opposite of integrity. It is the disintegration of personality. It is schizophrenia on a national scale. The abnormal becomes normal in the abnormal political climate of Russia. Psychoanalysis is therefore under a taboo.

The rulers are, of course, not ignorant of the prevalence of double-talk and double-mind. But it serves a useful purpose. It induces a loss of self-respect. Fear has produced a conformist who is aware of his debasement. The man with less self-respect is easier to rule. He bows his head in shame, and in that position the yoke falls naturally into place. Terror; self-preservation; self-disrespect; monolithic society. That is the progression. Monolith. One stone, one leader, one voice. The nation echoes its master's voice. Your words will be my words, it says. Words are the price of safety.

In the privacy of their own minds, and in the tiniest circle of trusted friends, some Soviet citizens seek to preserve the spark of their own individuality, the more so since it is always under such fierce attack. This tendency is rigidly persecuted. It persists.

Even in recent years Soviet authors have written in one style for publication and in another for themselves and a few friends. Several of the pieces that circulate privately in Russia are being reproduced anonymously in a new Russian literary monthly edited by ex-Soviet writers now resident in Germany and published with money from the Fund for Intellectual Freedom, founded by Arthur Koestler and friends. The underground literature was never submitted to the Soviet censor; their creators knew it was too good. They only submit Red tripe. A considerable network of tiny secret groups which meet to hear short stories, poems, plays, etc., that will never see the light of day exists in the USSR. Some of the best writers of Russia circulate their works in a few carbon copies. This output is not anti-Soviet in intent or content. It would only be regarded as anti-Soviet by authorities who cannot approve honest words; they prefer "Socialist Realism."

There is opposition in Russia, else the Kremlin would not maintain and intensify the dictatorship. The opponents cannot act to overthrow or change the Government. Their highest hope is a minimum of self-defense against official attacks on their personalities. The Soviet press abounds in evidence that this gives the authorities a sense of isolation.

SUCH IS the gulf between Kremlin and people, and such is the chaos generated by the dishonesty with words, that the Soviet Government does not know how far it gets with its propaganda. The technique, therefore, is to repeat, year in year out, month in month out, day in day out, all the simple statements that Soviet citizens are the happiest and freest in the world, that there is no exploitation in Russia, that the Soviet workers own their factories, that collective farms are the finest flower of Socialism, that "The Great Stalin" is the origin of everything good, etc., etc. Apparently, Stalin is not at all sure how much of this the people believe. There may be a suspicion in the Politburo that, whereas it has surrounded the entire country with an iron curtain for purposes of segregation from the world, the individuals of the country have erected an iron curtain to protect themselves from the words of the Government. The official lies bombard this curtain with incessant drum fire. But each living being, wherever he lives, has an inner continent which no invader can reach by force. Only love unlocks the gate, and Stalin's Kremlin, disseminator of universal hate, has harvested no love in all its long existence.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

ACROSS SANDS AND BARREN BROWN HILLS

TUNIS.

I HAVE dallied away a week or so in the strange land of North Africa where a sheet is a suit and every day is a Shriner's convention. The route has taken us from Algiers across the barren brown hills to the oasis of Bou Saada, by jolting bus over gray lands to the Roman city at Djemila, to the metropolis of Constantine pasted against the side of a ravine, and finally by all-day train across the border into Tunisia. I have climbed the Casbah and ridden a camel and watched a belly dancer. I have traded cigarettes for Roman coins and bargained in the souks and seen an American give a fat cigar to a Berber tribeswoman. I have sat on my haunches to eat barbecued sheep with my fingers and seen flies cluster on a ribbon of mucus as it seeped from the nose of an Arab infant, the mother watching contentedly.

A casbah is a fortress, but in Algiers it has come to mean, too, the native quarter. In any event it was singularly free of toney swashbucklers the likes of Charles Boyer, and even freer of anything that looked like Hedy Lamarr on her very worst of days. Scraggly cats nibbled fish heads served them on slimy cobblestones. Arab men wrapped in a swirl of sheeting sipped mint tea and played dominoes at tables set up in the already cramped alleys. Kids with hennaed hair sucked on the red seeds of pomegranates. From a doorway came a strange sort of chant. I peered in and saw perhaps thirty boys jammed into a tiny cell of a room with neither window nor light, repeating the recitation of the teacher as if it were a litany.

We were taken, as indeed all tourists must be, to a Moorish house in Algiers, and ushered into a shaded alcove traditionally provided so that the guest may await his reception in coolness and comfort. The walls gleamed with tiles, and where there were no tiles the color was a rich blue since blue, as everyone must know, keeps away mosquitoes. Women sit on the ground floor, for some reason that escapes me, the men, upstairs. At night when the whole house might be hot everyone ascends to a terrace on the roof. For sleeping the bedroom is provided with a bed of iron lattice-work, and this one had a cradle suspended from the side. An acquaintance, who must have made it a practice to burst in upon Moorish domiciles, reports it not uncommon to find baby in cradle, father in bed, mother on floor.

No less different customs prevail, too, once an Arab is dead. He is wrapped in a veil, buried without a coffin, his head facing Mecca. Cemeteries are closed on Fridays to all except Arab women, who, although they come in no spirit of sadness, spend the day wailing at the graves, or so a source tells me.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the living room would normally be awash in the Sunday papers and I at sea in it, I found myself on the rue Henri Martin in Algiers at the entrance to a restaurant called El Barçours. We drank sweet minted tea, which one could flavor with droplets from a silver shaker containing an essence of orange blossom. If one was polite, in a local sense, one could drink with huge slurping noises that would induce a boogie-beat in the pulse of Miss Emily Post. With the tea came *rahat lokoum,* white blocks of sugared rice starch; *sam sam,* made of almond and pistachio, filled with honey and fried like a fritter; *ketaïf,* a petit four of shredded almond and honey. Tea has a way of knocking the hell out of dinner.

One bright morning we left the Mediterranean seacoast and bumped by bus 135 miles south by east into the desert. The land was dry and grubby, with neither trees nor grass as if it had in its entirety been peeled and laid bare for some gigantic planting. Then suddenly we would roar through an opening in a wall and burst upon a tight little village crawling with hundreds of robed figures, like a horde of white ants on an uncovered hill.

Bou Saada is part white ant hill and part resort. Back in Roman times, the legend says, a shepherd lost his flock in the hills. The shepherd had a dog named Saada, which means happiness. Saada found the sheep lapping at the water of an oasis, which was given the name of Bou Saada, the Place of Happiness. Bou Saada is more of a place of happiness these days than ever before, for it has pleasant weather and several hotels, one of which—the Transatlantique—has its own swimming pool. For a view Bou Saada can offer palms, desert, and mountains stretching in that progressive order from the edge of the Transatlantique's pool.

FOR anyone who cares to brave slipping a disk there are camel rides in the nearby desert, 800 francs the whole day, 300 francs a promenade, at 350-400 francs to the dollar. All day long a camel acts as if he had just gotten out of bed, and in order to control this state of continual ill humor a camel boy attends the beast by the halter. Besides tending the camels the boys fatten their take by selling knives fashioned from camel bone, and they

—*Photos by Horace Sutton.*

". . . all day long a camel acts as if he had just gotten out of bed."

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". . . a tight little village crawling with hundreds of robed figures, like a horde of white ants."

urge you to make payment surreptitiously to avoid a tax that would otherwise be levied on the profits by the camel master.

Double rooms at the better Bou Saada hotels will run between $3 and $4 a day, lunch and dinner between $1.50 and $2 depending upon where you buy your francs. For groups the management will gladly rig up an Arab feast known as a *diffa*. One in which I took part was held in an expansive, carnival-sized tent which had been covered on the roof with palm fronds to keep out the African sun. The floor was paved with a mass of bright, soft rugs, and the tables were just high enough when you flopped on a cushion and doubled your legs underneath you.

WAITERS in white uniforms and red Moroccan boots streamed in with a lamb soup called *cheurba*, and *couscous*, which is mixed vegetables dumped on a pile of rolled wheat. Two sheep had been barbecued on a spit, and they were wheeled in now. The dish is called *agneau en méchoui;* you pull off the flesh with your fingers, and never mind if it burns.

For the Scandinavians, the Swiss, the Dutch, the few Americans, and the French who come down from Algiers a troupe of accommodating ladies from the Ouled Naïls tribe maintains a station in town. The tribe specializes in teaching its young girls to dance, sing, and perform other entertainment for which men will pay money. They wear sack dresses of choice Montgomery Ward fabrics which they enhance with great silver belts. Around their necks they carry loops of black cord strung with gold *louis*, which represent their current bankroll. Their dance is a controlled but violent series of undulations of the abdomen further sensualized by the wail of a horn called a *rhaïta*, and the near-jazz beat of a drum and tambourine.

The whole troupe will dance under any tent you name for about ten dollars, but you can watch them *chez les danseuses* for about thirty cents a person. Here they also dance *déshabillé*, the object being, of course, to entice the gentlemen to the upper stories. A friend of mine with a clinical interest and a zest for bargaining had the price down to the equivalent of a U. S. quarter before he broke off negotiations. Any tourist who has viewed this disrobed dancing, incidentally, has seen more than any of the Arabs, who are denied the privilege by Moslem teaching. That also goes for the musicians who must play for the spectacle with their backs to the dancers and their faces to the wall.

—HORACE SUTTON.

This is the first of two articles on North Africa. The second, on Tunisia, will appear next week.

Special Offer

BY special arrangement with the Italian State Tourist Office, *The Saturday Review* offers its readers, free of charge, copies of "Italy's Life" (No. 4), an artful and elegant English-language magazine. Issue No. 4, first published a year ago, contains a portfolio of nine color prints by the French painter Antoine Watteau depicting Italians dressed in traditional festival masquerade costume and mask. Send a postcard with name and address to Booked for Travel, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

TRAVELERS' TALES

NEW YORK TODAY. By Agnes Rothery. Prentice Hall. $3.75. Miss Rothery, who is responsible for a list of travel books that stretches down to here, has at last gotten around to the big city. Having scrutinized the customs of the peoples of Iceland and Guatemala, among other places, it is perhaps only natural that she examine the mores of the New Yorkers as if they were a tribe of Maoris. She finds Manhattanites shuddering at the

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thought of a trip to the Brooklyn Museum; Brooklynites talking of "going to New York" when they mean across the river to Manhattan; and people of both boroughs living and dying without having taken the nickel ferry ride to Staten Island. Most of Miss Rothery's words are for New York's visitors who stay an average of four days and leave an average of $150. For them she describes the U.N., tells the paradox of Ellis Island, the immigrants' detention center looking out on the Statue of Liberty, symbol of welcome. She explains who the foreigners are who live in the city and why they came, and she uncovers such pleasantries of the city as the nickel jungle that is the automat.

BEHOLD THE WEST INDIES. By Amy Oakley. Illustrations by Thornton Oakley. Longmans. $4. A reissue of a ten-year-old book which covers all the Caribbean islands you'll likely ever visit, plus Venezuela, Colombia, and Panama tossed in for good measure. Mrs. Oakley and her artist husband, whom she insists on referring to as her Illustrator (capital I, like God), have poked around the Caribbean on a number of excursions before and after the war, and doubtless this will be good background for winter cruisers. The prose slips into the stilted, travelogue variety which some might find cloying. Sample:

> As our Pan American plane, like some gigantic flying fish, feathered the waters of Port au Prince, the far-famed capital of Haiti, we were enraptured by the beauty of this Mediterranean yet tropical juxtaposition of austere hills and scintillating Neapolitan bay.

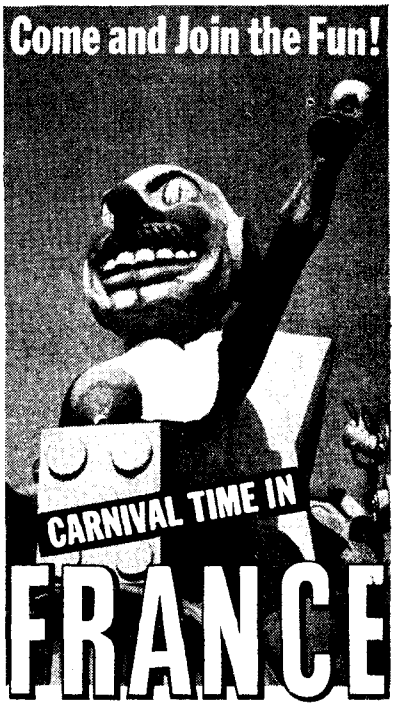
On the other hand the Oakleys do tell you where to go in Nassau for conch soup (Prince George Hotel), and they take you inside a Holy Rollers meeting, where few tourists are likely to go. They run afoul of the incredible churlish attitude of the Government of the Dominican Republic ($50 fine for drivers permitting tourists to take pictures of anybody "quaint"). They inspect the wondrous open market in Port au Prince, where those with lesser fortitude would fear to tread. In general they are dauntless and curious and full of energy. I must complain, however, of Mrs. Oakley's disdainful references when she finds an unpleasant Negro. It seemed a singularly inappropriate attitude in a book about the Caribbean. —H. S.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A CORPSE FOR CHRISTMAS *Henry Kane* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Private Op Pete Chambers, on subcontract, seeks missing prof and hoard of jewels; meets top N.Y. mobster and mobs of women.	Pursuit includes visits to crematorium, bars, hot-dog rotisserie, traffic court, assorted domiciles from cold-water flats up.	Walkie-talkie
THE VIRGIN HUNTRESS *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Staten Island shipyard worker, victim of advanced woman trouble, is disemployed by V-J Day; meets well-heeled matron; frustration ensues.	Stream-of-consciousness in full flood brings villain's past to surface; bright gal hangs out the Indian sign.	Hifalutin
NOT IN THE SCRIPT *John and Emery Bonett* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Movie crew descends on English countryside; director turns toes up; amiable Prof. Mandrake puts on thinking-cap.	Motive slightly cock-eyed, but setting and characters excellent; humor good; nice tone throughout.	Pleasant
MURDER TWICE REMOVED *Muriel Bradley* (Crime Club: $2.50)	S.F. biz gal returns to mountain homeland to find relative expiring in back yard; sheriff eyes heroine askance.	Family involvements moderately confusing, but background is good and tension increases nicely.	Middling
DEATH HAS DEEP ROOTS *Michael Gilbert* (Harper: $2.50)	British major, Resistance grad, is knifed in London hotel; Maquis heroine tagged; British legal lights shine brightly and far.	Trial scenes superb; prowl along Loire vivid chase stuff; funny in right places; a fine performance throughout.	More!

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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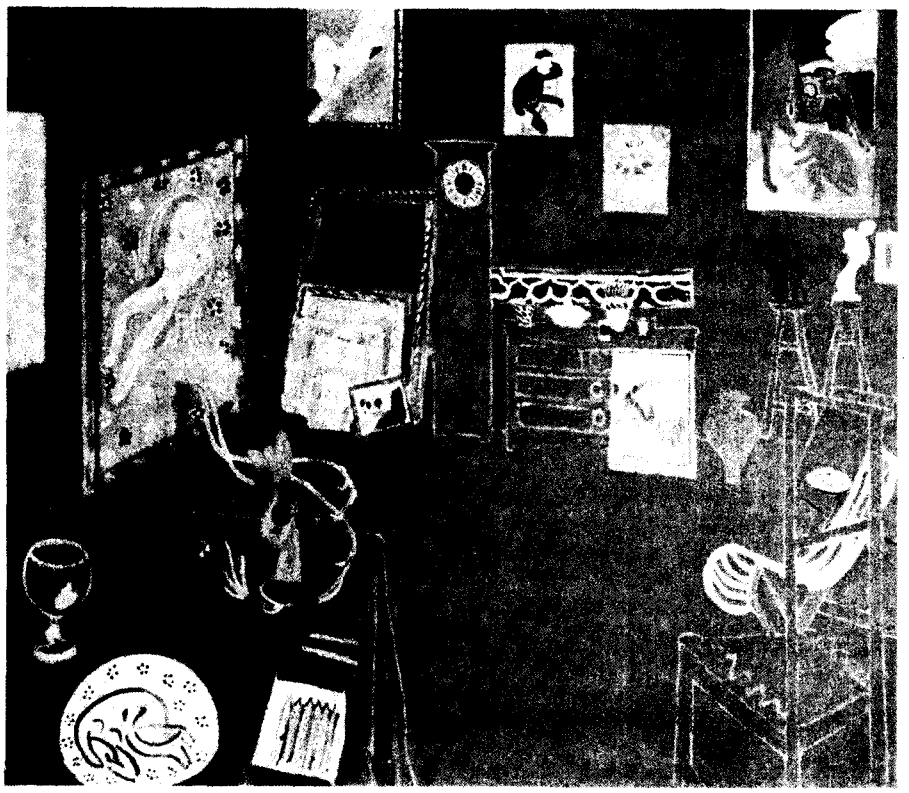
THE FINE ARTS

MATISSE RECONSIDERED



—Collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

"Red Studio"—"one color against another on an admittedly flat surface."

ONE day, about twenty-five years ago, I went to an exhibition of contemporary French painting at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. Included were several paintings by Henri Matisse. Their ribbons of polyphonous color hit me hard. I remember going back day after day, more and more convinced that this was a new and admirable art—joyous, daring, unforgettable in its directness of sensuous appeal. Soon I bought from a New York gallery a small Matisse picture, then a larger one, then a third, carrying them home excitedly, staring at them with a sense of exhilaration for hours on end. But after a few months something happened. One by one these paintings began to lose much of their intensity, to appear frail, thin, and sweet, when once they had seemed strong and bold. My appetite for Matisse's color did not abate. But I found that it needed to be whetted by unfamiliar sensations, that is, by works I had not seen before. I traded these pictures for others and, later for others still. Eventually I began to replace the Matisses with paintings by other artists. By 1935 I felt convinced that he was much overrated, and not at all in the same class with Picasso, to whom he still was often compared.

My experience with Matisse was not unique, and that is why I recount it here. I know several American collectors whose enthusiasm subsided, as had mine. Only gradually, collectors' pride being nearly indomitable, did I realize that we had all made the same mistake. We had bought the wrong pictures by the right artist. The pictures we had bought, to be fair, were the ones most readily available on the New York and Paris markets. They were works of the 1920's, executed mainly at Nice—still lifes, interiors, and odalisques. They were not the best of these. No one can deny their charm. Yet even now, when I have again changed my mind as to Matisse's importance, many of them seem to me flimsy and forced in their insouciance, as though the painter were daring himself to contrive too much with too little means. Today, however, we can see Matisse's art in the brilliant perspective supplied by the exhibition now at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and later to be installed in the museums of Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco. He emerges as a very great figure indeed. He makes Picasso look to his laurels, and that is extravagant praise.

THE exhibition's main emphasis is on the works of roughly 1910 to 1920, though there is a careful selection of paintings completed since the recent war, and the 1920's and 1930's are represented by a few key pieces, all of them fine. The proportion is not only revealing but just, for to understand why Matisse has retained his stature as a revolutionary in painting (and, just as importantly, in sculpture) it is on the earlier works that one must dwell. In this exhibition they make a magnificent sequence. They propose so many solutions, never before explored, that I understand at last Joan Miró's shy, fervent comment one night at dinner: "We younger painters found Matisse ahead of us in many, many respects." And no one, I think, can look at the "Red Studio" (see illustration) without sensing how much Matisse has meant, not only to Miró, but to a whole generation of abstract artists. It was he as much as anyone who taught these artists to brace one color against another on an admittedly flat surface, with little or no linear support. It might be said of him that he translated Gauguin's dilemma into absolute certainty, achieving depth where all too often the latter ended in shallow pattern. And now that a frank acceptance of the oil painting's two-dimensional limitations has once more become a dogma among newer painters (especially in this country), I should imagine Matisse would take on a renewed meaning. His exhibition, at any rate, is crowded with painters—attentive and frequently awed.

There are in the present show a number of works in which Matisse reclaims the virtue often denied him on the basis of more trivial works—sheer power. We have tended to think of him as primarily a "tasteful" painter, delectable, thoroughly French, an epitome of long esthetic breeding. He is that, but more. When, for instance, one comes on "The Moroccans" of 1916 (see illustration) one feels an impact which reduces non-objectivists like Kandinsky to a quite secondary level. The picture is a masterpiece of "abstract" organization. But it has, besides, an enigmatic representational validity as an image. It is perhaps the most exciting painting in the show,

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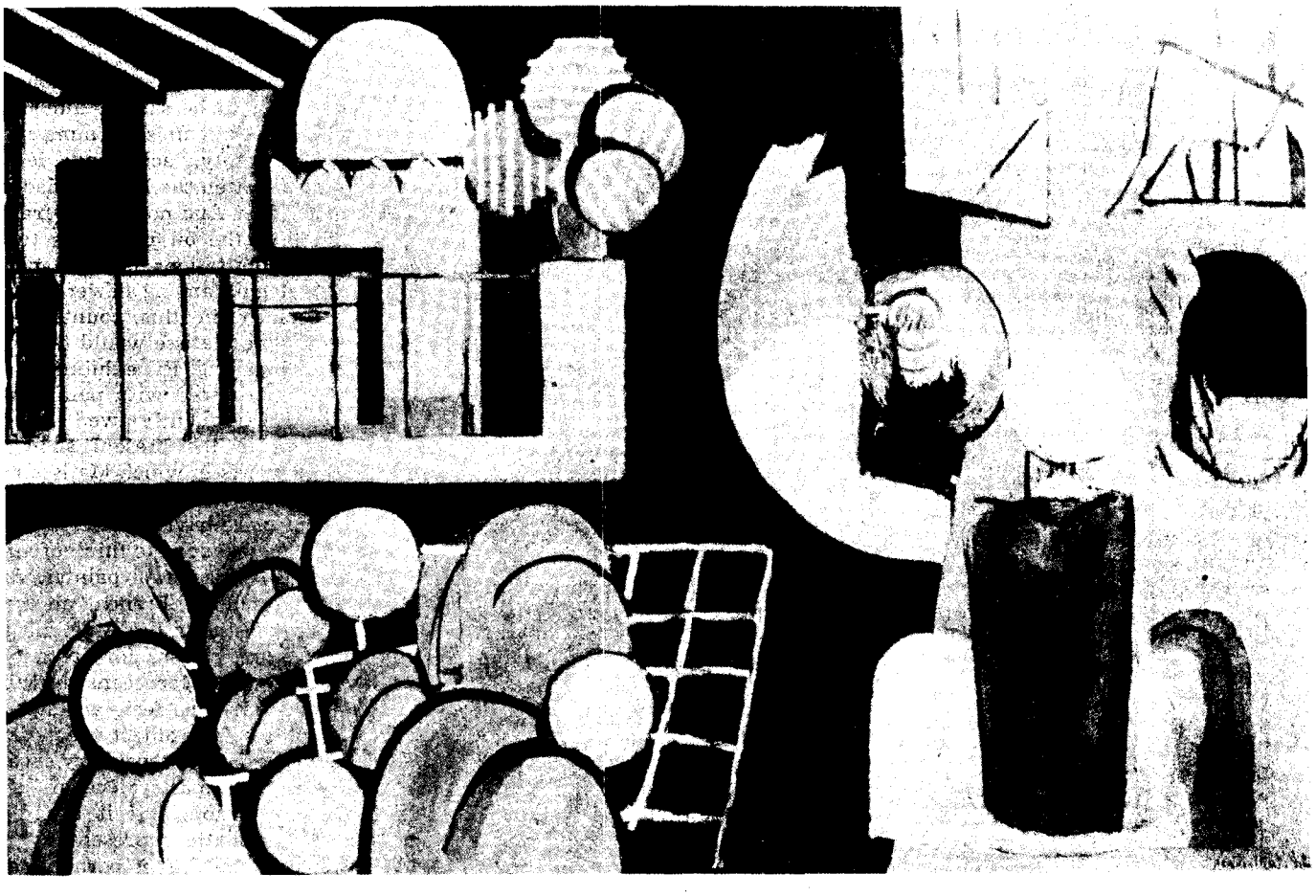
rivaled in terms of implacable authority only by the three bronze sculptures of "The Back"—those superb works which establish Matisse as one of the finest and most vigorous sculptors of our time.

UNLIKE Picasso, Matisse matured slowly and, for a time, hesitantly. That he was from the beginning a skilled technician is evident in the famous "Dinner Table" of 1897; by 1903 he was capable of the dazzling brushwork of the little "Guitarist," a beguiling picture which Manet would have turned to stare at. Then, in 1904 and 1905, he experimented with the neo-impressionists' flecks of color, and if his admiration for Signac and Cross seems a trifle belated, it was anyway a liberating influence, leading the artist to the broad arabesques of the "Joy of Life," now a chief ornament of the Barnes Foundation. By 1906 Matisse had become known as a leader of the Fauves, and deservedly so. Indeed, his paintings of that time seem to me far more convinced than those of any of his colleagues (except Rouault, who stood apart from the others) in that overrated movement, now much in vogue. But Matisse was too solemn an artist to be trapped by Fauve rationalizations, and by 1907 his painting had become richer and more solid, though at intervals he returned to the problem of deliberately flat decoration, as in the two panels, "Le Luxe," and in "Harmony in Red," which Moscow's Museum of Modern Western Art is said to have relegated to its cellars for fear of its effect on native artists.

The years 1910 to 1917 were probably the most fertile in Matisse's entire career. To these years belong a large number of masterworks — "Dance," "Music," the remarkable bronze heads of "Jeanette," "Woman on a High Stool," "Mlle. Yvonne Landsberg," "Bathers by a River," "The Studio, Quai St. Michel," and numerous others, many of them, alas, now lost to sight in Moscow's vaults. The First World War does not seem to have interrupted the master's production, since some of his finest pictures were completed in 1916 and 1917. Yet the torments of the war years may have had their effect. Certainly they contributed to the mood of exaggerated relaxation which characterized the 1920's as a decade and Matisse's art in some, though by no means all, its manifestations. But we must always keep in mind the extraordinary productivity of this man—a productivity which seems to have increased rather than declined as he has aged. When we look at his drawings of all periods, at his book illustrations, his prints, his tapestries, his sculpture, we realize that to an unusual degree he has been not merely a very fine painter, but also a rare type of creative personage.

In recent years, as nearly everyone knows by now, Matisse has poured his gifts and enthusiasms into the creation of a chapel at Vence. His ambition, brilliantly realized from the evidence of photographs and other documents, was to create a chapel which would be gay, which would approach the service of God in a spirit of exaltation rather than of contrition and penance. What a fitting continuation of the French tradition of fruitful longevity in the arts! One thinks of Renoir, with his aged, bandaged hands, working sereenely as long as the day's light and his own would hold. And, as in the case of Renoir, it may well be that Matisse will have reached an added culmination in his final years. The sunburned nudes of Renoir's old age, once glibly dismissed, are now much esteemed. With artists of the stature of these two contemporary judgment should proceed on wary feet, giving them the fullest privileges of faith, the fullest benefits of doubt.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



"The Moroccans"—"masterpiece of 'abstract' organization."

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"Flying Kites," by twelve-year-old Vera Baker.

Art & Personality Growth

THE ARTIST IN EACH OF US. By Florence Cane. New York: Pantheon Books. 370 *pp.* $6.50.

By RALPH WICKISER

READING THE recent literature on teaching art might lead one to believe that art must be justified in terms of its usefulness to education and society before it is valuable. The literature abounds with ways and means of making art useful, a functional tool socially and individually.

This search for validation of the art activity in education led to the idea of integrating art with other studies as a teaching aid. In the recent work of Schaeffer-Simmern, Lowenfeld, and Florence Cane art becomes a therapeutic agent for personality adjustment. In Mrs. Cane's "The Artist in Each of Us" the cathartic value of art as an integrating force in personality growth is shown to purge the individual of undesirable personal and social behavior, thus releasing an inherent creative force which the author finds is invariably blocked by physical and psychical conflicts.

Florence Cane is aware of the complexity of the problem in teaching art and seeks its solution in psychology by adopting its clinical techniques. This she calls a "modern method of teaching art" and seeks to show that creative productivity is dependent on psychological integration. We must assume that art to her becomes valuable because it is useful. She states that "art becomes a means of developing the human being, which is its true purpose and function." She selects three chief functions of man: movement, feeling, and thought as focal points to train for creative development. These functions are then treated separately and trained individually. It is highly debatable whether these three are the basic human functions. If they are, does this necessarily make them the main functions to train for creative productivity?

Mrs. Cane writes in a vivid and dramatic style that is persuasive. The teaching methods are explained and documented with case histories, and a clinical attitude pervades throughout. Testimonials are offered as evidence of the success of the methods. It is obvious from these testimonials that the students' conflicts are resolved through the art exercises, but whether the great native art ability of highly selected students develops or disintegrates under the system is open to serious question. Her method assumes that the moral as well as the esthetic function of art is catharsis. To her these functions are one and the same. Most modern esthetic literature denies this limitation. It assumes that art is more than a function of living.

It is Florence Cane's belief that modern man has limited his experience to rational behavior, thus losing contact with his primitive elemental self. She points out the need for non-rational experience to complement rational behavior. This leads to a theory of teaching which seeks to develop the body, soul, and mind through art experiences. Her arguments are skilful and point out many flaws in today's art teaching methods. In addition she writes with a keen understanding of the growing child's problems and believes that the unintegrated individual is also creatively blocked. The question remains whether the creative process and the flowering of artistic genius is the result of psychological integration. Is the great artist that well-adjusted, healthy, happy product, the normal person which is the goal of modern pedagogy? Creative artists tend to react against any method of teaching in order to discover their individuality. Likewise they defy their environment rather than comply with its needs. Genius is never normal. Florence Cane deals with highly gifted children. Is her psychologizing of the creative process an unnecessary restraint on its intention and direction?

Undoubtedly the author is aware of the danger of clinical practice in the hands of teachers less skilful than she. A "couch in every classroom" may develop the well-adjusted child, but it also may destroy or pervert the art impulsion, the will to form, the desire to live individually, even to extremes —the impelling motivations of such artists as Van Gogh, Cézanne, Lautrec, Proust.

Ralph Wickiser is director of the art department of the Louisiana State University.

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High Points in Art History

ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE. By René Huyghe. New York: Harry N. Abrams. 178 pp. 100 color plates. $10.

By KATHARINE KUH

HERE IS a book with one hundred color plates which are frequently inferior to the comprehensive text accompanying them. This seems doubly unfortunate since the publisher so stresses the reproductions that the distinguished author's name does not appear on dust jacket or cover. René Huyghe, until recently curator of painting at the Louvre, has written a running account of the history of Western painting, using famous names and masterpieces from the Louvre as his guideposts. Though he makes no pretense at new evaluations, he ties art to history with flashing insight and in a highly condensed text points up general truths. Since the book is obviously prepared for the layman, its very condensation is sometimes an advantage, because by careful deletion and selection high peaks in the history of art are more readily evident.

Often a brief sentence reveals the implications of an artist's work. In speaking of Leonardo, Huyghe says: "He opened art to mystery, to what can be suggested but not explained." And about Correggio, he "translated harmony for the spirit into pleasure for the senses." An entire chapter on Flemish painting could not be more evocative than the following concise statement, "For the Fleming, therefore, to capture reality on canvas or panel was essentially to depict what things were made of."

Though a scholar, the author does not talk down but informs the layman, avoiding burdensome details and involved problems which concern the specialist. He writes about familiar and famous paintings with untarnished feeling because he has looked with fresh eyes. These are not the usual art "mouthings," these qualitative evaluations which, at the occasional risk of over-simplification, outline the history of painting.

It would not take clairvoyance to perceive that René Huyghe is a Frenchman, for as he tends to slight German painting, just so he overvalues that of his own country. The entire French school is treated in much greater detail and sometimes with more indulgence than the art of other parts of Europe.

In connection with late nineteenth-century art the text is equivocal. This period of pivotal innovation, though not neglected, is less incisively related to its history than earlier epochs. Puzzling is the inclusion of Van Gogh in the French School, for this artist never shed his Dutch roots, and equally puzzling is the author's tendency to overrate the influence of Gauguin while underrating that of Van Gogh.

A brief word of praise is due the commentaries prepared for each painting by Mrs. René Huyghe. They appear at the end of the volume and contain valuable documentary information, presented with ingenuity and simplicity.

A review of this book would not be complete without comment on the disappointing quality of the highly advertised color reproductions. They tend to be over-warm and too often without fidelity or subtlety. Even more inadequate are blurred monochromes of art objects other than paintings from the Louvre which are irrelevantly interspersed in the text. It seems slightly non sequitur to read about Rubens while looking at the Stele of Naram-Sin.

Katharine Kuh is associate curator of painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 446

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 446 will be found in the next issue.

I ENSIY KLYJ LZ YFIY

MFLKF FIZ YFS ENSIYSZY

WSV IVR MDWSV.

— MIAY MFLYWIV.

Answer to Crypt No. 445

A dose of poison can do its work only once, but a bad book can go on poisoning people's minds for any length of time.

—JOHN MURRAY.

french modern paintings

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Analyst of Classicism

PAUL CEZANNE SKETCH BOOK. Introduction by Carl O. Schniewind. New York: Curt Valentin. Two vols., 100 pages of plates, 34 pages of text. $12.

By WALTER PACH

FORTY-FIVE YEARS have passed since the death of Cézanne, and the time seems almost too short to account for the world's change of opinion as to the artist. In 1894, twelve years before he died at the age of sixty-seven, the Luxembourg, having been bequeathed the splendid collection of Gustave Caillebotte, conditioned its acceptance of the gift upon the withdrawal of ten out of twelve Cézannes among the works presented. Today the money value of those ten paintings would be enormous; and no longer would there be any question of their going to the minor museum, for the Louvre itself would be the place where they would enter and where they would afford to the French a new pride in the national collection.

In America an always increasing number of museums lay open to an always more receptive public the pleasure and instruction to be derived from Cézanne; but it is still a relatively new, and certainly an important, approach to him that is offered by the present facsimile of a sketch book of the master's, one recently acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago, and now published for a public that will doubtless be international. The reproduction of the drawings has the impeccable quality which no color prints can attain; it is reserved for plates from black-and-white works, rendered in the exact size of the originals, as these are. The comment, by the curator of prints and drawings at the Chicago museum, is most helpful in its scholarly excellence.

A strange feature of the book is the series of scribblings by the artist's small son, sometimes occupying pages that had remained blank, but sometimes defacing the father's work. Another instance of the kind, one that is no less than shocking, is reported by Elie Faure; he tells that the child would take a scissors and cut out figures of men and women that he found in those marvels, the water colors of Cézanne—who seems to have regarded the act as merely amusing. We have reason, however, to know that he was very fully aware of the importance of his art. But what was a drawing more or less to him? The thing that counted was the vision he was reaching, the understanding of principles he achieved through his inexorable wrestling with his problems, those of modern art.

As one of its chief exemplars Cézanne illustrates certain differences between the modern time and, let us say, the Renaissance. If we give even a little thought to the sketch book before us, we may realize that the preceding centuries will be searched in vain by those who would try to find in them an equivalent for our artist's legacy to the men of his profession and to the public. He was among the most fervent students of the past: witness these pages, where we find acts of homage to the masters. From Cézanne's manner of treating these works that he loved so well we can penetrate to the reason why his own art looks to the future more than to the past. Ordinary students seek to copy classical production; Cézanne analyzes it. The few lines and planes he uses are rigorously selected as giving the essentials of the form, composition, movement, etc., in the masterpieces. Now turn over a page in this sketch book, notice how Cézanne is doing exactly the same thing when his subject is no longer a sculpture or a painting, but a human being, a landscape, or a still life, and you will appreciate the new vistas of understanding that the old seer of Aix opened up to the next generations.

This fact explains to us a second difference between the modern master and glorious men like Rubens and Rembrandt; their careers bring Renaissance art to its culmination—and to its decline, once they have left the scene. In our period the reverse of the latter phenomenon occurred: instead of a decline in activity there is an increase of it. Already with Gauguin and Van Gogh there is a first realization of Cézanne's power. But to reach a deeper penetration into the matters revealed by the older man a new group had to appear. Matisse arrives at his completely liberated form and color; Derain at once sees the significance of Cézanne's dissociation of the planes from representation of the object (Mr. Schniewind, in his comments, has to tell the reader from which direction one is to look at the page in order to see what it is that Plates XVIII and XXI represent), and Derain, with his enormous knowledge of the museums, gives new confidence in Cézanne's classicism to the men around him; the result is that Picasso and Braque push on to their pivotal achievement with cubism. For that movement to be born the artists needed Derain's two lessons from "the primitive of the way he discovered" (Cézanne's description of himself). Any reader caring for more information on these points is referred to Guillaume Apollinaire's first-hand evidence, that contained in his book "Les Peintres Cubistes." From the time in history covered by that writer until today the influence of Cézanne never ceases, and we may expect further exploration of it in the future.

—From "Paul Cézanne Sketch Book."

". . . the influence of Cézanne never ceases."

Walter Pach is the author of "Vincent Van Gogh" and "Ingres," and edited "The Journal of Eugene Delacroix."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Strawberries. James Whitcomb Riley: "Knee-Deep in June." 2. Cherries. Thomas Campion: "Cherry Ripe." 3. Figs. Christina Rossetti: "Passing Away." 4. Grapes. Julia Ward Howe: "Battle Hymn of the Republic." 5. Corn. John Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 6. Peach. James Whitcomb Riley: "The Ripest Peach." 7. Plums. Clement C. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas." B. Beans. Matthew Prior: "Alma." 9. Cabbages. Lewis Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter." 10. Turnips. Samuel Johnson: "Burlesque of Lope de Vega." 11. Carrot. Charles Edward Carryl: "Robinson Crusoe's Story." 12. Orange. Thomas Bailey Aldrich: "Wedded." 13. Radish. William Shakespeare: "Second Part of Henry IV." 14. Dates. John Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes." 15. Celery. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Deacon's Masterpiece." 16. Apples. Lord Byron: "Don Juan."

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DO WOMEN MAKE GOOD POETS?

(Continued from page 8)

As that dove-soft hour that we call
good night.

are tender, but it is the same austere spirit that rises to such heights in the "The Shadow of Cain" and "The Canticle of the Rose." "The Shadow of Cain" has a magnificent ending that cries aloud so that the words seem to rise out of the page as they do in poems of Donne and Herbert:

. . . Think! When the last clamor
of the Bought and Sold
The agony of Gold
Is hushed. . . . When the last Judas-
kiss
Has died upon the cheek of the
Starved Man Christ,
These ashes that were Men
Will rise again
To be our Fires upon the Judgement
Day,
And yet—who dreamed that Christ
has died in vain?
He walks again on the Seas of
Blood. He comes in the terrible
Rain.

This is the true poet—the essence of hours of solitary self-dedication, the rebirth. A few have had it. It is apparent in Christina Rossetti; it is not in the poems of Emily Brontë though it is in "Wuthering Heights." It gleams in unexpected places, in lines, for instance, of Aphra Benn. Sometimes Lady Dorothy Wellesley had it; Mary Coleridge now and then. It was brilliant occasionally in Alice Meynell, who came nearest of any to finding a workable balance between the woman and the poet. It is in a minor poet, Charlotte Mew, who has an extraordinary power of unsentimental pathos. Lilian Bowes-Lyon achieves it completely in her most beautiful poem, "A Shepherd's Coat."

I woke from death and dreaming.
His absence be the child I carry,
All days, and all years.
Eternally and this night he will de-
liver me.
Come peace. For he is coming.

Time tells a marginal story;
Dilates with midsummer that less
than leaf
A mute heart, light heart, blown
along the pavement;
Then mortally wintry, sears
The implicit glade—oh universe
enough!
Orchard in bloom bereaved beyond
bereavement.
Yet peace! For now it is gloam-
ing,
Simple and provident, folding the
numbered lambs.

No spatial streams, no tears
Can melt the insensate piety of
grief.
Adore instead the untold event still
happening;
That miracle be the child I carry,
All days, and all years.
Come other south, come wise and
holier thaws,
Enlarge me to inhale so ample a
breath;
Come peace for he is coming.
Between the lily in bud and the lily
opening
Love is, and love redeems.
Come haven, come your hush, hori-
zoning arms.

I shall not want, I wake renewed by
death,
A shepherd's coat drawn over me.

The spirit of V. Sackville-West is different, less brilliant, more serene; but it is the same—though her novels are often more poetical than her poetry. Others are touched by it today: Anne Ridler, E. J. Scovell, Kathleen Raine, Margot Ruddock; it shows powerfully in certain poems of Ruth Pitter; it is found in Laura Riding; in the crispness of some of Frances Cornford. But these are still few, still lonely spirits.

In "The Oxford Book of Verse," perhaps the standard anthology of England, among hundreds of male poets there are twenty-five women. The fastidious Edith Sitwell, in her anthology includes the work of only one, Christina Rossetti. "The Oxford Book of Modern Verse" lists ten among one hundred odd. Though I am not writing of American poets, in the "Oxford Book of American Verse" there are seven women among fifty-one poets and scarcely a trace of the poetess in them. It appears that there are a few more women poets than there used to be. And their quality? Most of our modern poems by women poets are like most poems by men or women in any age. There is and always will be among them the rare, the lighted spirit; in this there can be no progress because these heights are not to be measured. Occasionally a true poet is vouchsafed to the world whose quality is timeless, a miracled phenomenon that belongs to every age. He can be man or woman, man-woman, woman-man, and he, or she, is the lonely one, the one apart.

The Moon is gone
And the Pleiades set,
Midnight is nigh;
Time passes on,
And passes, yet
Alone I lie.

Sappho is reputed to have written that in 600 B.C.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
OLD FRENCH		
RAMEAU: "HIPPOLYTE ET ARICIE." Soloists, choir, orch., Désormières. L'Oiseau-Lyre LP OLLD 10	▶ Muffled, dead French recording does not keep the music from getting through. Boosting high end helps some.	An unusually good, very French performance of the first Rameau opera, with some excellent French-style voices. Surprisingly dramatic music, with much chorus interjection, not unlike Gluck.
RAMEAU: "DIANE ET ACTEON"; "L'IMPATIENCE." Hugues Cuenod; R. Brink, vl.; A. Zighera, gamba; D. Pinkham, harpsichord. Allegro Alg 3010	▶ Excellent, well-balanced recording. Cuenod's rather nasal voice, perfectly adapted to the music, records well, his musicianship comes through.	Two secular cantatas, alternating expressive recitatives with neat and formal arias; one has vl. obbligato, the other gamba. A charmingly graceful kind of intimacy, pastoral, aristocratic.
LULLY: TWELVE OPERATIC ARIAS. Catharine Rowe, sop.; Albert Linville, bass. A. Duvernoy, harpsichord. Lyrichord LL 16	▶ Musically valuable—these are not often enough heard. But this is a budget job, the singers stylistically neutral with little insight into the music, the pronunciation so-so, the voices too vocal; thinnish harpsichord without bass support is no substitute for minimum small string group or hps. with bass.	
COUPERIN: FIRST "TENEBRAE"; THREE SONGS; MOTET, "AUDITE OMNES." Hugues Cuenod; R. Brink, W. Waterhouse, vls.; A. Zighera, gamba; D. Pinkham, hps. Allegro Alg 91 *(my copy off-center)*	▶ An impressive offering here. The incomparably dignified, solemn, ornamented "Tenebrae" is like nothing else (exc. other works in series, sometimes heard); most moving music, beautifully sung. The songs lilt charmingly; one has revealing harpsichord instrumental version added, showing French ornament technique. The motet, four-square, suggests an impersonal Schütz. A top disc, this.	
FRENCH MASTERS OF THE KEYBOARD. (Ateignant, Gervaise, Chambonnières, Daquin, Grigny, Dandrieu, Rameau, Balbastre.) Claude Jean Chiasson, harpsichord. Lyrichord LL 19	▶ An interesting group and the best playing so far from Chiasson; erstwhile tendency towards mechanical, unphrased rhythms is here minimized, the registration excellent, warmth of expression considerable; a worthwhile disc decidedly, though not yet at the top in playing technique. Good recording of C.'s own harpsichord. Notable items: Dandrieu.	
FRENCH SONGS; ENGLISH SONGS (TO THE LUTE). Hugues Cuenod; Hermann Leeb, lutenist. Westminster WL 5085	▶ Another large offering. Cuenod is best in the French songs, but once one gets used to the voice the English music comes through well—notably Bartlett—thanks to superb musicianship. The lute is notable here: astonishingly contrapuntal lute accompaniments of early 1600's and back (guitar players note), plus two long lute solos. Recording excellent, though lute is too distant on English side.	
RAMEAU-COUPERIN (HARPSICHORD RECITAL). Sylvia Marlowe. M-G-M E-538 (10")	▶ Contents of old Musicraft 84; if this is a reissue it is excellent—sounds like brand new recording.	Couperin's "Les Fastes," Rameau's "Gavotte Variée" are major items here. Expert, somewhat brash and hard playing, well registered throughout.
MACHAUT: MASS, "NOTRE DAME" (1364). Dessoff Choirs, N. Y. Brass Ensemble, Boepple. Concert Hall CHS 1107	▶ "Prehistoric" music in listenable form. The Machaut, first Mass, is expressive, intellectual, experimental, with great dignity, many moments of masterful communicativeness, some parts that are musically doctrinaire. Scored by Boepple for rough modern equivalent of hypothetical original effect. The earlier Perotinus, paradoxically, is easier listening; more elemental, full of gargoyle-like animal excitement of the Gothic Age—strong dance rhythms, violent but tasty dissonance. *A cappella,* except for "Viderunt"; the disc includes group of attractive shorter works. (Note: Machaut was originally recorded too dead; reissued with added liveness: look for "EI" on record face.)	
PEROTINUS: "SALVATORES HODIE"; "VIDERUNT," ETC. (c.1200). Dessoff Choirs, N. Y. Brass Ensemble, Boepple. Concert Hall CHS 1112		

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(Continued on page 41)

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(Continued from page 40)

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Effective with this issue, The Saturday Review is discontinuing the publication of classified advertisements inviting correspondence. Many readers are going to wonder why.

The answer is simply this: With the growth of the magazine's circulation beyond 100,000 the volume of correspondence advertising has become so heavy that it is no longer possible for us to monitor it properly. It thus becomes susceptible to abuse beyond our control.

Rather than wait for possible abuses to develop and then act, it has been decided to eliminate all advertisements in the "lonely heart" category. Other classified advertising of products, services and ideas will, of course, continue unchanged.

As might be imagined we have made the decision to terminate our correspondence advertising with considerable reluctance. The correspondence "personals" were a pleasant tradition. They were fun to publish and to read. But it would cease to be fun if someone got hurt.

YOUR VOICE made loud, clear, dynamic, powerful—with my Diaphragm Exerciser, new invention. Write: VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

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BE A MONEY MAKER—Represent magazines year around. Wonderful home work. Big Christmas profits now. Liberal commissions. Everything furnished. Write for FREE catalogue, McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Ill.

GAMBLING GAL risking five bucks in hopes of attracting good sports to start correspondence. Box 753-J.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN living in Italy, university degrees' wishes to correspond with young or older lady. Box 754-J.

ENGINEER, young, naive, moderately sincere, slightly weary only trees and mountains, would eagerly respond carload lots female correspondence. Box 755-J.

CHESSMASTER: teach amateurs, advanced students. SKIELBERGHER, JAmaica 6-4097. Box 756-J.

WILL ELDERLY professional gentleman write friendly, sincere lady? Box 759-J.

SLICK WRITER needs young man assistant 20-28 years, with serious ambition to write, college and research experience preferable but not necessary. Opportunity for expense-paid travel, independent assignments, U.S.-foreign. Complete résumé, photo if possible. Immediate. Box 760-J.

GENTLEMAN LINGUIST, serious minded, exuberant, refined, personable, alert, creative; lover of arts, philosophy, writing, travel; wishes position as secretary-companion. Box 761-J.

1952 ROSE PARADE MOVIES, Kodachrome. Colorful floats! Beautiful girls! 16mm 200' $34.95. 8mm 100' $17.50. C.O.D.'s accepted. California add tax. AVALON DAGGETT, 441 North Orange Drive, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

COMPETENT middle-aged widow desires position as companion. Drives and owns car. Is free to travel. Please reply to Box 763-J.

IS THERE a mature male seeking feminine and interesting correspondence? Box 765-J.

AUTO TRANSPORTATION TO ACAPULCO, Mexico and return exchanged for instruction landscape painting. Leaving early January from NYC. Box 766-J.

WEST INDIES: Wanted lady writer or painter to share rustic hilltop home with single lady, very reasonable. Write Air Mail, Mrs. R. Dose, Jacmel, Haiti.

MATURE GENTLEMAN interested in music, theatre, cooking, ordinary pleasures, invites correspondence with lady. Box 792-J.

FREE-LANCE WRITER, diversified background, will do research work, ghostwriting, general features on assignment. Write Box 790-J.

MAN, 26, wants position as companion. Time to study few hours daily. Box 791-J.

YOUNG MAN intrigued by all things human, especially the Arts, desires correspondence. Box 793-J.

YOUNG MAN, music lover, avocations audio engineering, furniture design; seeks exchange of ideas and suggestions for better design of audio equipment and furniture with young lady of like enthusiasms. Box 794-J.

GENTLEMAN, adventurous, bored, will not answer dull letters. Box 795-J.

WOULD VENTURESOME lassie escape boredom corresponding mature but audacious male with widely diversified interests. Box 796-J.

VACATIONS

NAIDNI ON DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Comfortable winterized house, good food, ice-fishing, snowshoeing, cross country skiing. No planned entertainment.

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WINTER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food: Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Skiing. Brandon, Vt.

MEXICO: Unique rancho guest house, Tepoztlan. Sunny, warm climate; restful. Magnificent mountains; excellent food. $35 weekly. Folder. Apartado 152, Cuernavaca.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 928

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Aissor.

B. Inhabitants of a European country mostly above the Arctic circle.

C. Condition or quality of being a coxcomb.

D. Plainly (2 wds.).

E. A genus of vipers in India, Arabia, and N. Africa.

F. An Indian of a Salishan tribe near Seattle.

G. Eighth avatar of Vishnu, one of the most widely worshiped of Hindu deities.

H. Across the course.

I. The scene of Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt," a typical Midwest town in the 1920's.

J. Poem by Whittier in criticism of Daniel Webster's attitude on slavery.

K. American author, editor, dramatic critic (1882-).

L. Without judgment or discretion.

M. A son of Noah (Bib.).

WORDS

39 101 111 107 4 158

174 129 66 30 133 162 190 25 77 62

132 14 61 178 89 53 184

186 45 11 123 79 156 99 13 138

90 46 75 168 121

183 109 71 106 120 169 164

177 91 105 187 64 40 165

189 2 82 115 59 51 166

80 37 54 136 122 119

78 179 116 31 128 18 41

28 35 50 104 70 143

43 172 176 100 153 145 12

32 135 47 60

DEFINITIONS

N. The crowning part; the finishing stroke.

O. More frequently.

P. Popular title of the London Times (prefaced by "The").

Q. A censer (eccles.).

R. Those who believe in the doctrine that all will occur according to the fixed decree of arbiters of destiny.

S. The sage in "Rasselas" who *accompanied the hero in his* escape from the Happy Valley.

T. A plant of the genus *Nicotiana*, grown for its leaves.

U. The local administrative assembly in Russia before the Revolution of 1917.

V. The straight-legged, stiff movement of former German infantry (2 wds.).

W. A grandson of Noah (Bib.).

X. At once (2 wds.; colloq. U.S.).

Y. Made like or furnished with a weapon to be shot from a bow (poetic).

Z. In disorder as being unfinished (2 wds.; preceded by "at").

Z'. An opiate; sleeping potion.

WORDS

150 86 20 5 67 180 56 76

171 44 26 142 112 155 124

6 167 188 72 173 108 148 125 15

88 7 181 103 1 98 16 144

19 68 36 26 94 10 95 118 134

55 154 182 93 58

84 149 140 52 29 24 175

69 65 97 87 74 160 42

170 37 27 146 92 38 114 159 147

f 67 110 34

130 22 57 9 81 139 3 152 96

117 21 48 113 163 191 127

151 102 137 33 185 161 23 17 49

73 85 83 141 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

						1 Q	2 H		3 X	4 A	5 N		6 P	7 Q	8 W		9 X	10 R						
11 D	12 L		13 D	14 C	15 P	16 Q	17 Z		18 J	19 R		20 N	21 Y	22 X	23 Z	24 T								
25 B	26 O	27 V	28 K		29 T	30 B	31 J	32 M	33 Z	34 W	35 K	36 R	37 I	38 V		39 A								
40 G	41 J		42 U	43 L	44 O	45 D	46 E	47 M	48 Y	49 Z		50 K	51 H	52 T	53 C	54 F								
55 S	56 N	57 X		58 S	59 H	60 M	61 C	62 B		63 N	64 G	65 U		66 B	67 W	68 R								
69 U	70 K		71 F	72 P	73 Z¹		74 U	75 E	76 N		77 B	78 J	79 D	80 I		81 X								
82 H	83 Z¹	84 T		85 Z¹	86 N	87 U		88 Q	89 C	90 E		91 G	92 V	93 S	94 R									
95 R	96 X	97 U	98 Q	99 D	100 L		101 A	102 Z	103 Q		104 K	105 G	106 F		107 A	108 P								
	109 F	110 W	111 A		112 O	113 Y	114 V		115 H	116 J	117 Y	118 R		119 I	120 F	121 E								
	122 I	123 D	124 O	125 P	126 R	127 Y	128 J	129 B	130 X	131 Z¹		132 C	133 B	134 R	135 M	136 I								
137 Z	138 D	139 X	140 T	141 Z¹	142 O	143 K	144 Q	145 L	146 V		147 V	148 P	149 T	150 N	151 Z	152 X								
153 L	154 S	155 O	156 D		157 V	158 A		159 V	160 U	161 Z	162 B		163 Y	164 F	165 G	166 H								
	167 P	168 E	169 F		170 V	171 O	172 L	173 P		174 B	175 T	176 L	177 G	178 C		179 J								
180 N	181 Q	182 S	183 F		184 C	185 Z	186 D	187 G	188 P	189 H	190 B	191 Y												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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- ☐ THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY ..... *Thomas B. Costain*
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- ☐ THE BLESSING ..... *Nancy Mitford*
- ☐ THE UTMOST ISLAND ..... *Henry Myers*
- ☐ REQUIEM FOR A NUN ..... *William Faulkner*
- ☐ THE HOLY SINNER ..... *Thomas Mann*
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- ☐ A KING'S STORY ..... *The Duke of Windsor*
- ☐ THE CATCHER IN THE RYE ..... *J. D. Salinger*
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- ☐ HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW ..... *Ethel Waters*
- ☐ MY SIX CONVICTS ..... *Donald Powell Wilson*
- ☐ BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL ..... *Ed. by F. A. Pottle*
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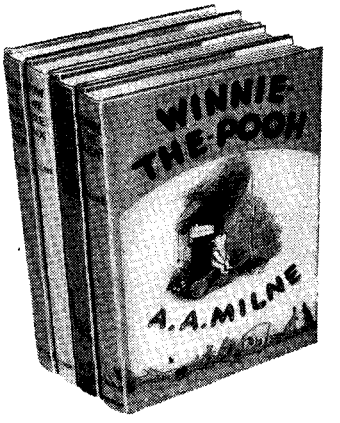

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